Catch Me If You Can

Written by

Jeff Nathanson

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1 **EXT. - GAME SHOW SET. - DAY** 1

BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE FROM 1974

MUSIC UP:

A simple GAME SHOW SET -- one long desk that houses four "CELEBRITY PANELISTS," a small pulpit with attached microphone for the host, BUD COLLYER, who walks through the curtain to the delight of the audience. Bud bows and waves to the celebrities -- ORSON BEAN, KITTY CARLISLE, TOM POSTON, and PEGGY CASS.

BUD COLLYER
Hello, panel, and welcome everyone to another exciting day on "To Tell The Truth." Let's get the show started.

THE CURTAIN STARTS TO RISE

BRIGHT LIGHTS SHINE on the faces of THREE MEN who walk toward center stage. All three men wear identical AIRLINE PILOT UNIFORMS, each with matching blue blazers and caps.

BUD COLLYER
Gentleman, would you please state your names.

THE FIRST PILOT steps forward.

PILOT #1
My name is Frank Abagnale Jr.

THE PILOT IN THE MIDDLE steps forward.

PILOT #2
My name is Frank Abagnale Jr.

THE THIRD PILOT does the same.

PILOT #3
My name is Frank Abagnale Jr.

Bud smiles, grabs a piece of paper.

BUD COLLYER
Panel, listen to this one.
(he starts to read)
My name is Frank Abagnale Jr, and some people consider me the worlds greatest imposter.

As Bud reads, the CAMERA SLOWLY PANS the faces of the three PILOTS.

BUD COLLYER
(reading)
From 1964 to 1966 I successfully impersonated an airline pilot for Pan Am Airlines, and flew over two million miles for free. During that time I was also the Chief Resident Pediatrician at a Georgia hospital, the Assistant Attorney General for the state of Louisiana, and a Professor of American History at a prestigious University in France. By the time I was caught and sentenced to prison, I had cashed over six million dollars in fraudulent checks in 26 foreign countries and all fifty states, and I did it all before my 18th birthday. To this day, I am the only teenager ever to have been placed on the FBI's ten most wanted list. My name is Frank Abagnale Jr.

Warm applause from the audience as the THREE MEN walk behind a desk that faces the panel. They all sit down at exactly the same time.

BUD COLLYER
Okay, panel, you have your work cut out for you. Kitty Carlisle, you have the first question.

KITTY CARLISLE
Imposter number one, how many years were you in prision?

PILOT #1
I served two years in France, and five years in Atlanta, Georgia.

KITTY CARLISLE
Imposter number two, I find all this very fascinating. Who was it that finally caught you?

SLOWLY PUSH IN ON THE PILOT IN THE MIDDLE --

A thin smile across his lips as he faces the panel -- his manicured hands out in front of him on the desk -- his back straight in his chair -- his cap pulled slightly forward on his head -- the way pilots like to wear them.

2 EXT. - PAPIGONE MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON. - MARSEILLE - DAY 2

SUPER: MARSEILLE, FRANCE DECEMBER 25, 1967

A heavy rain falls on JOE SHAYE, 40's, who wears a black hat and holds a black umbrella as he bangs on the window of a small QUARDHOUSE in front of a LARGE GATED PRISON. Joe is sneezing as he holds up an IDENTIFICATION CARD TO THE GUARD.

JOE SHAYE
Joe Shaye, FBI.

3 INT. - PAPIGONE PRISON. - DAY 3

Joe is walking down a long corridor inside the prison, struggling to close his umbrella as he faces WARDEN GARREN and TWO GUARDS.

JOE SHAYE
I have orders to see a prisoner named Abagnale, to take his statement and solicit a confession so I can prepare for tomorrow's extradition.

WARDEN GARREN
Abagnale is in isolation. There are no visitors permitted.

Joe takes a roll of CASH out of his pocket, casually slips the money to the Warden.

JOE SHAYE
If I give you another twenty, will you turn up the heat in here?

4 INT. - PAPIGONE PRISON. - DAY 4

Warden Garren is leading Joe down a small, isolated corridor just off the main floor. They pass CEMENT DOORS with metal SLIDE HOLES and numbers taped to the front. There are no bars or windows in this area, and complete silence. Garren stops at the last cell and opens the SLIDE HOLE.

WARDEN GARREN
Don't pass him anything through the hole.

Garren walks off, and Joe immediately starts to smile, looking around for a long BEAT as he stares at the cell door.

JOE SHAYE
Yoohoo. Hello? Is the lady of the house at home?

Joe tries to control his excitement as he kneels down and looks through the metal slide hole.

THROUGH THE HOLE

WE SEE FRANK ABAGNALE JR., his face partially hidden in the dim cell, which gets its only light from a hanging bulb. Frank is lying on the cement floor, his back up against the far wall. He wears only a pair of underwear and clutches a torn blanket.

JOE SHAYE
Jesus, Frank, you look terrible. I heard about French prisons, but this is positively barbaric.

WE HEAR a sound come from the cell, and then heavy coughing.

JOE SHAYE
That doesn't sound good. I have a little cold myself.

FRANK
Help me.

JOE SHAYE
Help you? Yes, I'll help you, Frank. Why do you think I've been fighting to have you extradited. Why do you think I came to take you home? Do you know that 21 other countries want you in their prisions? I saw the list -- Egypt was on there. Who the hell goes to Egypt to write bad checks?

FRANK
I'm sick...please...

JOE SHAYE
Don't worry, Frank, you just have to make it through one more night. And then tomorrow I'll help you onto a plane, clean you up, and put you in a cell for the next twenty-five years.

INSIDE THE CELL

CLOSE ON FRANK ABAGNALE JR.

His face covered by a beard and matted black hair. Frank closes his eyes and starts to cough.

FRANK
Help me, please. I can't breathe...

OUTSIDE THE CELL

Joe listens to Frank, who is coughing so hard he starts to choke.

FRANK
Can't...breathe...

JOE SHAYE
Don't start this shit, Frank.

FRANK
Can't...Can't...

JOE SHAYE
Frank! Goddamn it, Frank, what the hell are you doing!!

Joe looks through the slot in the cell door, but can only see faint images of Frank rolling on the floor holding his throat.

JOE SHAYE
Frank, what's happening? Damn it, just calm down! Somebody help me!!

SMASH CUT

THE CELL DOOR IS THROWN OPEN

Frank is being dragged across the floor by Warden Garren and a second GUARD, each holding an arm as they drag Frank's emaciated six-foot frame through the halls. Joe Shaye jogs behind the guards.

JOE SHAYE
He's not breathing. I think he stopped breathing!

5 INT. - PAPIGONE PRISON INFIRMARY. - DAY 5

A small, empty room with four empty hospital beds. Frank is Lifted onto one of the beds, his legs and arms flailing out to the sides, kicking a thin curtain out from the wall.

JOE SHAYE
What's happening to him?

Garren and the Guard quickly move toward a sink, where they start to wash their hands.

JOE SHAYE
What are you doing?

ASSISTANT WARDEN GARREN
Washing off the lice.

JOE SHAYE
He can't breath. You have to call a doctor.

ASSISTANT WARDEN GARREN
The doctor comes in the morning.

JOE SHAYE
You can't just let him die. I have orders from the American Embassy! This man is going to be extradited to the United States, and I am holding you responsible if anything happens!

Suddenly Garren looks past Shaye -- eyeing the curtain that partially encloses Frank's bed. Garren slowly moves toward the curtain, pushes it open.

FRANK IS GONE

CLOSE ON GARREN

drawing his gun and sprinting out the open door of the infirmary, yelling in French for the Guard to follow. Joe Shaye stands motionless, staring down in horror at the empty bed.

JOE SHAYE
Oh, shit...Frank!

6 INT. - PRISION. - CONTINUOUS 6

The prision ALARM has sent every prisioner to the front of their cells, where they see Frank stumbling through the prison -- a thin smile on his lips as he tries to move his starved legs toward the main door.

As Frank makes his way past a row of cheering prisoners, he trips and falls, his body too weak to run as he starts to crawl across the prison floor.

Joe and Garren easily catch up to him, Garren quickly kneeling down and holding his gun against Frank's head --cocking the weapon. Frank stops crawling, rolls over on his back and smiles up at Joe Shaye.

FRANK
Okay, Joe...let's go home.

7 INT. - NEW ROCHELLE ROTARY CLUB. - BANQUET ROOM. - NIGHT 7

SUPER: NEW ROCHELLE, NEW JERSEY 1964

A smoke filled oak dining room packed with CLUB MEMBERS -- HUNDREDS OF MIDDLE AGED WHITE MEN wearing black suits and holding long cigars as they drink from brandy glasses.

FRANK ABAGNALE, 15, wearing a BUCKLEY PRIVATE SCHOOL BLUE BLAZER AND WHITE PANTS, sits with his mother, PAULA, 33, at a center table near the stage. Paula is a stunning blonde dressed in diamonds and fur, and since she's the only woman in the room -she's getting a lot of attention. CLUB PRESIDENT JACK WRIGHT takes the microphone at the front of the stage.

JACK WRIGHT
The New Rochelle Rotary Club has a history that goes back to 1859. In all those years, we have only inducted a handful of deserving men as lifetime members, an honor that has seen 187 names enshrined on the wall of honor. Tonight, we make at 188. So please stand, as I present my good friend, Frank William Abagnale.

Applause all around as FRANK ABAGNALE SR. steps up to the MICROPHONE. He is handsome and impeccable groomed -- wearing a black suit and holding onto his plaque with two hands.

FRANK SR.
Two little mice fell in a bucket of cream. The first mouse quickly gave up and drowned, but the second mouse wouldn't quit. He struggled so hard, that he eventually churned that cream into butter -- and crawled out. Gentleman, as of this moment, I am that second mouse.

Laughter from the men in the room as Frank continues.

FRANK SR.
I stand here today humbled by the presence of Mayor Allen, and our club President, Jack Wright. But most of all, I am honored to see my loving wife, Paula, and my son, Frank Jr., sitting in the front row. I'm just a business man, a working stiff -- but tonight you have made me royalty. And for this, I am eternally grateful.

The men applaud as Frank Sr. smiles down at his wife and son, giving them a wink as he raises the plaque in the air.

8 EXT. - FRANK'S HOUSE. - NEW ROCHELLE. - DAY 8

A tree lined, picturesque slice of suburbia, with large homes splashed with snow, Cadillacs in the driveways and kids sledding in the street.

9 EXT. - FRANK'S HOUSE. - NIGHT 9

DEAN MARTIN is singing EVERYBODY LOVES SOMEBODY on the radio, as Frank Sr. hammers his PLAQUE into the wall. In the middle of the DEN, Frank is dancing with his mother, who is holding a glass of wine as she dances.

PAULA
You're a better dancer than your father, Frankie. The girls don't know what they're in for.

FRANK SR.
Paula, show him the dance you were doing when we went.

PAULA
Who can remember?

FRANK SR.
The people in that little French Village were so happy to see Americans, that they decided to put on a show for us.

FRANK
I know the story, Dad.

FRANK SR.
So they cram two hundred soldiers into this tiny social hall, and the first person to walk on stage is your mother. And she starts to dance...

Paula steps away from Frank, and she starts to dance a ballet, smiling as she tries to remember the steps.

FRANK SR.
It had been months since we had even geen a woman, and here's this blonde angel on stage -- and the men are literally holding their breath. And I turned to my buddies, and I said...

FRANK
(imitating his father)
I will not leave France without her.

FRANK SR.
And I didn't. I didn't.

Paula spins around, accidently SPILLS HER GLASS OF WINE --

PAULA
Oh, shit, the rug! I can't believe I did that. Frankie, we're gonna get a towel...

As Frank runs off, Paula drops to her knees and scrub the stain with the hem of her dress.

PAULA
This will never come out.

She looks up at her husband.

PAULA
Whenever I dance for you, I get in trouble.

10 INT. - FRANK'S HOUSE. - MORNING 10

Frank is asleep in his bedroom. His father walks in carrying a plate of scrambled eggs.

FRANK SR.
Wake up, Frank...it's eight-thirty.

Frank opens his eyes, stares at his father.

FRANK
I overslept. Mom's gonna kill me.

FRANK SR.
It's okay. You don't have to go to school today.

FRANK
Is it snowing?

FRANK SR.
Do you own a black suit?

FRANK
A black suit? Why?

FRANK SR.
We have a very important meeting in the city.

THE WHITE CADILLAC is parked in front of A MEN'S CLOTHING STORE -- Frank Sr. banging on the glass door, trying to get someone's attention.

FRANK SR.
Ma'am, open the door. Just open up, please, it's important.

THE DOOR OPENS A CRACK AND DARCY, 40's, low-cut blouse, a bagel in her hand, stares at Frank Sr.

DARCY
We don't open for half an hour.

FRANK SR.
What's your name, ma'am?

DARCY
Darcy.

FRANK SR.
Darcy, that's a pretty name. I'm in a bit of fix -- I need a suit for my kid. This is my son, Frank, he needs a black suit. There was a death in the family, my father, eighty-five years old, a war hero, there's a funeral this afternoon -a military funeral -- planes flying overhead, twenty-one gun salute. Frank needs to borrow a suit for a couple of hours.

DARCY
I'm sorry. We don't loan suits, and we're not open.

As she closes the door, Frank Sr. takes a small GOLD NECKLACE OUT OF HIS POCKET, holds it up to the glass.

FRANK SR.
Is this yours, Darcy? I just found it in the parking lot?

Darcy stares at the necklace through the door.

FRANK SR.
Must have slipped right off your neck.

11 EXT. - NEW YORK CITY. - DAY **11**

The Cadillac is parked somewhere in MANHATTAN.

Frank, now wearing a BLACK SUIT and black hat, watches as his father gets out of the car and climbs into the back seat.

FRANK SR.
Slide over. You're going to take me
(MORE)

FRANK SR. (CONT'D)
to Chase Manhattan Bank. Just head up to seventy-second and Madison, pull up to the front and park next to the fire hydrant.

Frank looks back at his father.

FRANK
Dad...I don't know how to drive.

12 INT. - CADILLAC. - DAY 12

Frank is driving through Manhattan, his father in the backseat screaming directions as he teach him to drive. They are both laughing as Frank speaks through the city.

FRANK SR.
A little more gas -- now slip it into second. That's good, more clutch, now pull into this lane here -- slowly!

THE CADILLAC SWERVES HARD, ALMOST HITTING A CAB -- CARS HONKING AND SLAMMING ON THEIR BRAKES AS FRANK SR. STICKS HIS HEAD OUT THE WINDOW.

FRANK SR.
(yelling out the window)
Don't honk at us you son of a bitch -- I'm teaching my kid to drive! You're doing fine, Frank, just pick a lane and slip it into third -- about one-o'clock -- push it hard.

Frank slips it into third.

FRANK SR.
Perfect! Now you got it! Look at you, Frank, this is your town -- you're going straight up Broadway!

13 INT. - CHASE MANHATTAN. - DAY 13

EMPLOYEES ARE HELPING CUSTOMERS in the hushed Silence of the MASSIVE BANK. Suddenly all eyes turn to the street, where A CHAUFFEUR IN A BLACK SUIT AND HAT IS OPENING THE BACK DOOR OF -A WHITE CADILLAC THAT IS PARKED NEXT TO A FIRE HYDRANT.

14 EXT. - CHASE MANHATTAN BANK. - DAY 14

FRANK SR.
Okay, stop grinning. When I get inside, you go back to the front seat and wait. Even if a cop comes
(MORE)

FRANK SR. (CONT'D)
and writes you a ticket, you don't move the car, understood?

FRANK
Dad...is this really gonna help?

FRANK SR.
You know why the Yankees always win, Frank?

FRANK
They have Mickey Mantle?

FRANK SR.
No. It's because the other teams can't stop staring at those damn pinstripes.

Frank Sr. steps out from the Cadillac, grabs his briefcase.

FRANK SR.
Watch this, Frank. The manager of Chase Manhattan bank is about to open the door for your father.

As Frank Sr. casually walks toward the doors of Chase Manhattan, the MANAGER rushes through the bank to open the doors for him.

15 INT. - LOAN DEPARTMENT. - CHASE MANHATTAN BANK. - DAY 15

Frank Sr. is sitting across from a LOAN OFFICER, who is looking over his file.

LOAN OFFICER
You've owned the stationery store for how many years?

FRANK SR.
Nineteen. I bought it right after the war.

LOAN OFFICER
Mr. Abagnale, we don't usually loan money to people who have unresolved business with the I.R.S..

FRANK SR.
That's just a misunderstanding. I hired the wrong guy to do my books, a mistake anyone can make. I wouldn't even consider that if I were you.

LOAN OFFICER
You want me to ignore the fact that the government is demanding two years back taxes?

FRANK SR.
My store is a landmark in New Rochelle. I have customers all over New Jersey.

LOAN OFFICER
Sir, you're not a customer of Chase Manhattan. We don't know you. I'm sure you're bank in New Rochelle...

FRANK SR.
My bank went out of business. Banks like this put them out of business.

Frank Sr. leans in, lowers his voice.

FRANK SR.
Now I know I made a mistake, I admit that. But these people want blood -they want my store -- they've threatened to put me in jail. This is America, right, I'm not a criminal. I'm a medal of honor winner, a lifetime member of the New Rochelle Rotary Club. All I'm asking you to do is help me beat these guys.

LOAN OFFICER
This is not a question of winning and losing. It's a question of risk. I'm very sorry.

FRANK SR.
You're the largest bank in the world. Where's the fucking risk?

16 EXT. - USED CAR LOT. - DAY **16**

A SALESMAN is handing Frank Sr. a CHECK and a set of KEYS.

SALESMAN
The Impala is parked right over there.

Frank and his father glanced toward an OLD, DENTED, CHEVY IMPALA at the back of the lot.

SALESMAN
It was great doing business with you.

THE SALESMAN gets in the CADILLAC and drives it toward the front of the car lot. Frank Sr. looks down at the CHECK in his hand.

FRANK SR.
Come on, Frank. Let's go return the suit.

17 EXT. - FRANK'S HOUSE. - DAY 17

A MOVING TRUCK IS DRIVING AWAY FROM THE HOUSE. The Chevy Impala is packed with boxes as it slowly pulls out of the driveway, passing the SOLD SIGN on the front lawn as it follows the moving truck through the neighborhood.

18 EXT. - EASTCHESTER TRAIN STATION. - SUNRISE 18

A CARGO TRAIN shoots through the rain as it pulls into a run down station that is flanked by the dilapidated APARTMENT BUILDINGS AND TENEMENT HOUSES that make up the town of EASTCHESTER, NEW JERSEY.

19 INT. - EASTCHESTER APARTMENT - NIGHT 19

A TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT with cracks in the ceiling that seem

to grow with each passing train. There are MOVING BOXES STACKED AGAINST THE WALLS, and a dining room table that seems to take up half the apartment.

Frank is in the kitchen making dinner as his father walks in from work -- his suit wrinkled, his briefcase in hand.

FRANK SR.
Where's your mother?

FRANK
She said she was going to look for a job.

Frank Sr. laughs, and after a BEAT Frank laughs with him.

FRANK
I'm making pancakes.

FRANK SR.
We're not gonna eat pancakes for dinner on my son's sixteenth birthday.

Frank turns to his father.

FRANK SR.
Why are you looking at me like that? You thought I forgot?

Frank opens his BRIEFCASE, takes out a CHECKBOOK FROM CHASE MANHATTAN BANK. He walks over and hands it to Frank.

FRANK SR.
I opened a checking account in your name. I put twenty-five dollars in the account so you can buy whatever you want. Don't tell you mother.

Frank slowly opens the CHECKBOOK, sees his name at the top of the first check.

FRANK
But they turned down your loan?

FRANK SR.
Yeah. They all turned me down.

FRANK
So why open a bank account with them?

FRANK SR.
Because one day you'll want something from these people -- a house, a car -- they have all the money. There's a hundred checks here, Frank, which means from this day on -- you're in their little club.

20 EXT. - MONROE HIGH SCHOOL. - MORNING 20

The IMPALA pulls up to the front of the local public high school. Frank wears his BLUE BLAZER AND WHITE PANTS as he gets out of the car and smiles at his mother. Paula wears an old fur coat over her pajamas.

PAULA
See that, it's just a school, no different than Buckley.

Frank reaches through the window of the car, takes the CIGARETTE out of his mother's mouth.

FRANK
You promised you were going to quit.

PAULA
Frankie, you don't have to wear the uniform here. Why don't you take the jacket off?

FRANK
I'm used to it.

21 INT. - MONROE HIGH SCHOOL. - DAY 21

Frank walks through the crowded halls looking lost as he holds a CLASS SCHEDULE. He gets odd looks and stares from the kids around him.

22 INT. - CLASSROOM. - DAY 22

Frank walks into a packed classroom, the STUDENTS turning to stare as he checks his schedule.

FRANK
Is this Ms. Glasser's sixth period French?

Some of the students laugh, most just turn back to their friends as Frank nervously adjusts his tie. A GIRL in the front row stares at Frank.

STUDENT
Are you the sub?

Frank looks around for the teacher, then slowly starts to nod.

FRANK
Yes. I'm the sub.

Frank walks toward the blackboard, writes his name on the board -- MR. ABAGNALE. HE SLAMS THE BACK OF AN ERASER against the board to get the students attention.

FRANK
Listen up class, my name is Mr. Abagnale, and I'll be your substitute today. Could somebody please tell me where you left off in your text book.

GIRL
Chapter seven.

FRANK
Open your books to chapter eight, read quietly to yourselves.

The classroom door swings open, and a frail, confused TEACHER walks in and motions to Frank.

TEACHER
Are you subbing for Roberta?

FRANK
Yes.

TEACHER
They sent for me -- they said they needed a sub. I rushed over here from Dixon.

FRANK
I always sub for Roberta.

TEACHER
I'll never come to Monroe again. You tell them not to call me!

23 INT. - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. - MONROE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 23

PRINCIPAL EVANS AND VICE-PRINCIPAL BROWN are standing in front of Frank Sr. and Paula, who sit in two small chairs facing the Principal's desk.

PAULA
I'm not sure I understand. Has Frank been coming to school or not?

VICE-PRINCIPAL BROWN
Mr. and Mrs. Abagnale, this is not a question of your son's attendance.

PRINCIPAL EVANS
For the past week, Frank has been teaching Miss Glasser's French class.

PAULA
He what?

PRINCIPAL EVANS
Your son has been pretending to be a substitute teacher, lecturing the students, giving out homework.

VICE-PRINCIPAL BROWN
Ms. Glasser has been ill, and there was some confusion with the real sub -- we're still not sure what happened.

PRINCIPAL EVANS
Your gon held a teacher-parent conference yesterday. He was planning a class field trip to a French bread factory in Trenton. Do you see the problem we have?

Frank Sr. and Paula seem a bit confused.

PAULA
This is our fault, Principal Evans.
(MORE)

PAULA (CONT'D)
Frank had been at Buckley since he was a little boy. We had to take him out for personal reasons, away from his friends -- you know how kids are. He's all alone here.

FRANK SR.
He's not alone. He has us.

24 EXT. - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. - SAME TIME 24

Frank is sitting outside the Principal's office wearing his coat and tie, waiting for his parents to come out. He watches as a FOOTBALL PLAYER hands a SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR a note.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
I have a note for my Mom. I need to miss sixth period today, she's taking me to the doctor.

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR
Thank you, Roger.

As the Football player walks off, Frank leans over to look at the note. The Administrator catches him looking.

FRANK
It's a fake.

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR
Excuse me?

FRANK
There's no crease in the paper.

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR
I don't understand.

FRANK
When your mom hands you a note to miss school, you put it in your pocket. And if it was in his pocket, where's the crease?

25 INT. - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. - DAY 25

Frank Sr. lights a cigarette as he stands up to leave.

FRANK SR.
Excuse me. I have to go to work.

PRINCIPAL EVANS
Sir, we have no choice but to suspend Frank for one week, and
(MORE)

PRINCIPAL EVANS (CONT'D)
transfer him out of French and into German.

FRANK SR.
You're not suspending anyone. If you go after my son I'll go before the school board and ask them who's minding the store at Monroe High. I'll ask my good friend Tom Walsh how it's possible for a little kid to teach a French class for an entire week without the principal of the school knowing about it. I might even mention the fact that my son doesn't speak French.

26 INT. - MONROE HIGH SCHOOL. - DAY 26

Frank closes his locker, sees FOUR CHEERLEADERS standing in front of him. The leader of the group, JOANNA, steps forward.

JOANNA
Are you that transfer from Buckley?

Frank looks a bit confused as he stares at the girls.

FRANK
Yes.

JOANNA
My name is Joanna Carlson, and I was wondering if you were going to the Junior Prom?

FRANK
No. I don't have a date yet. My name is Frank Abagnale.

JOANNA
Frank, do you think you could buy my friends and I some beer before the dance? All the other guys are afraid to try.

FRANK
I'm only sixteen. How could I buy you beer?

JOANNA
If you're old enough to teach French, you're old enough to buy beer.

27 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - DAY 27

Frank walks in from school, throws his books on a chair and opens the refrigerator. The radio is on and there's a bottle of wine on the counter.

FRANK
Mom, I'm home.

Nobody answers, and Frank slowly walks towards the back bedroom door, which is closed.

FRANK
I met a girl today. Mom?

Frank's about to knock when the bedroom door suddenly opens, and Paula walks out with JACK WRIGHT -- the Rotary Club President -- who wears a tailored black suit. Paula wears a dress and holds a tray of food.

PAULA
That's all there is, two bedrooms, but we're getting used to it. Frankie, you remember Dad's friend Jack Wright from the club, he came by looking for your father -- I was giving him a tour of the apartment.

JACK WRIGHT
Very spacious, Paula.

FRANK
Dad's at work.

Frank stares at Jack, who walks over and picks up his HAT off the chair.

JACK WRIGHT
You look more like your old man every day. Thanks for the sandwich, Paula. I'll see ya later.

FRANK
Wait.

Frank walks to the couch, picks up a small ROTARY PIN that is lying on the cushions. He holds it up to Jack.

JACK WRIGHT
Thank you, Frank. That's the President's pin. I'd be in big trouble if I lost that.

Jack clips the pin to his jacket, turns and walks out the door.

PAULA
Are you hungry, Frankie? I'll make you a sandwich.

Paula walks into the kitchen, opens the refrigerator and starts making a sandwich.

PAULA
Jack wanted to talk business with your father. He said that we should sue the government, that it's not legal what they're doing to us. Why aren't you saying anything?

Frank stares at his mother, who continues to make his sandwich.

PAULA
You're not going to tell him, are you?

Paula walks over to her son, her hands shaking as she hands him a sandwich.

FRANK
No.

PAULA
That's right. There's nothing to tell. I'm going out for a few hours, visit some old friends from the tennis club. And when I get home we'll all have dinner together, right? But you won't say anything, because it's just stupid, isn't it?

Paula lights a cigarette, walks toward the door.

PAULA
Do you need some money, Frankie, a few dollars to buy some record albums? Here, take five dollars.

Paula holds out five dollars, and Frank walks toward her, reaches up and takes the cigarette out of her mouth.

FRANK
You promised you were going to quit.

28 EXT. - ABAGNALE STATIONERS. - NEW ROCHELLE. - DAY 28

A large stationary store sits right in the middle of the upscale neighborhood of New Rochelle.

29 INT. - STATIONERY STORE. - DAY 29

Frank is working behind the counter of his father's store, gently placing a SILVER PEN across a velvet display pad. A WOMAN stares down at the pen.

FRANK
This is a .925 sterling silver Waldmann ballpoint pen with a two-color twist action top. Just turn it like this -- the ink changes from black to blue. Nine dollars.

WOMAN
They have them in the city for six.

As the woman walks out of the store, Frank Sr. comes running out of his office, which doubles as the stockroom. He holds a letter in his hand.

FRANK SR.
It's over. I did it, Frank. The sons of bitches have called off the dogs -- read it and weep. I beat the United States government. Take a look at that.

Frank Sr. hands Frank a letter.

FRANK SR.
See what it says -- the I.R.S is backing off. They're gonna take their money and run -- no charges filed, no further investigations into this matter. They thought they could get me, and I sent Uncle Sam running for the hills.

FRANK
Does this mean we can move home?

FRANK SR.
We're gonna move back here, Frank, get a new house, a new car --

FRANK
A red Cadillac with white interior.

FRANK SR.
It's gonna take a little time, but we're gonna get it all back --every fur coat, every goddamn piece of silver! Come on, help me lock up. We're going to celebrate!

30 INT. - VILLAGE INN BAR. - EASTCHESTER. - DAY 30

Frank follows his father into the VILLAGE INN BAR, a neighborhood dive, that is full of railway workers coming off the night shift. Frank and his father are greeted with cold stares from a handful of REGULARS who are drinking and watching a mounted black and white TV.

NEWSCASTER (V.O. ON TV)
The Warren Commission has concluded their investigation into the assassination of President Kennedy, and has found that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone, with no evidence of conspiracy, domestic or foreign.

FRANK SR.
(to the bartender)
Bring us a couple of beers and two shots of Canadian.

BARTENDER
I need to see the kid's I.D..

FRANK SR.
This kid is the head salesman in my company. He's twenty-two and he's making five bills a week, so just bring the drinks and mind your business.

Frank and his father sit at a small table in the middle of the bar. Frank looks uncomfortable as his father lights a cigar.

FRANK
Maybe I should wait in the car.

FRANK SR.
Are you afraid of these men? Look at the way they sit, the way they dress, the way they drink. What are they, railwaymen? Cargo loaders? Those men haven't earned the right to judge us. I beat Uncle Sam, what have they ever done?

The WAITRESS brings over the drinks, and Frank Sr. quickly downs both shots. He takes a dime out of his pocket and sets it on the table.

FRANK SR.
Frank, I want you to take that dime and go put it in the jukebox. Pick something loud. We're celebrating.

Frank glances to the bar, where the MEN are quietly watching the TV. The JUKEBOX is directly under the television.

FRANK SR.
You know who I like? Lesley Gore.

FRANK
Dad...they're watching TV.

FRANK SR.
Yes. But in a moment they'll be listening to Lesley Gore. We're gonna teach the drunks to mind their manners.

FRANK
I think they know I'm not eighteen.

FRANK SR.
People only know what you tell them.

Frank Sr. picks up the dime and holds it up to his son.

FRANK SR.
Take the dime, son. Just take the dime and walk over there like you just closed a big deal. Walk over there like you got a roll of twenties right next to your pecker.

Frank gets out of his chair and nervously faces his Father.

FRANK SR.
And don't forget to smile while you're shoving it down their throats.

Frank holds his father's time as he slowly walks toward the JUKEBOX. THE MEN AT THE BAR see him coming, slowly turn on their stools.

MAN #1
Don't play that thing, kid.

BARTENDER
We're watching the news.

Frank nervously stands at the jukebox. Some of the men have gotten off their stools with drinks in hand.

MAN #2
We asked you not to do that, kid. The President is about to make a speech.

Frank looks toward his father, who sits back in his chair, smoking and smiling. Frank's hand shakes as he reaches out, drops the dime into the jukebox.

MAN #1
We're not gonna tell you again. Step away from the jukebox.

FRANK SR.
Why you bothering the kid? You got a problem, come bother me.

Frank watches as TWO DRUNKS walk toward his father. They both hold PITCHERS OF BEER in their hands.

FRANK SR.
Hit the button, Frank. You hit that goddamn button!

As Frank reaches out and hits the button, the men start to pour their beers over hig father's head. Frank Sr. does nothing to stop them, the smile never leaving his face as he screams at his son.

FRANK SR.
That's right, Frank! Who are they! Who are they!

THE JUKEBOX springs to life, and WE HEAR LESLEY GORE singing "IT'S MY PARTY." The men continued to pour their beers over Frank Sr.'s head, the entire bar screaming with laughter.

FRANK SR.
Bus drivers! Security guards! Fly cooks! Now they understand! They can't win, Frank, they can't beat me!

31 INT. - COURTHOUSE. - DAY 31

A LARGE COURTROOM -- ONLY FIVE PEOPLE INSIDE. On one side of the room, WE SEE FRANK SR. wearing a white suit that doesn't quite fit -- a noticeable stain on the shirt. His weather black briefcase is on the desk in front of him.

Paula is on the other side of the courtroom, wearing a blue church dress and holding an unlit cigarette in her hand. Paula and Frank Sr. sit with their lawyers facing JUDGE LARKIN, who is examining the CASE FILE for the first time.

JUDGE LARKIN
Would the boy step forward and state his name for the record.

Frank is seated in the middle of the courtroom -- a backpack on the floor at his feet. Frank slowly walks toward the bench.

FRANK
Frank William Abagnale Jr.

JUDGE LARKIN
Frank, the court apologizes for pulling you out of school this morning. Are you aware of the fact that your parents have filed for divorce?

Frank glances at his mother, then slowly shakes his head "no."

JUDGE LARKIN
Again, I apologize. This is a custody hearing to determine who you are going to live with after the divorce. Your mother and father are leaving this decision up to you. For the record, I would like to praise both parents for showing such confidence in their son, who they believe will make the best decision for himself and his family.

Frank stares straight ahead, his breathing forced as he stares at Judge Larkin.

JUDGE LARKIN
Okay, Frank. I'm going to ask you a difficult question. Who's it going to be, your mother or your father?

Frank looks to his father, then turns and stares at his mother for a long BEAT.

FRANK
Can I have a minute to think about it?

32 EXT. - EASTCHESTER. - DAY 32

Frank is running through town, a look of sheer desperation on his face as he runs past dilapidated shops and abandoned buildings -- racing a train that is slowing pulling into the Eastchester station.

33 INT. - EASTCHESTER TRAIN STATION. - NIGHT. 33

Frank runs up to the ticket window at the TRAIN STATION.

FRANK
One ticket to Grand Central, please.

TICKET CLERK
Three dollars and fifty cents.

FRANK
Can I write you a check?

34 INT. - PAPIGONE PRISON. - MARSEILLE. - NIGHT 34

THE CELL DOOR IS PULLED OPEN, and Frank slowly walks out and faces Joe Shaye, who is holding a pair of HANDCUFFS and standing with FBI AGENTS EARL AMDURSKY and TOM FOX. All three AGENTS get a glimpse inside the cell -- and they all quickly turn away.

JOE SHAYE
Frank, this is Agent Amdursky and Agent Fox. They'll be helping with the extradition.

Joe puts the handcuffs on Frank, who can barely stay on his feet as he slowly turns to Warden Garren.

FRANK
Your wife is sleeping with one of the guards. Just thought you should know.

35 INT. - HOTEL ROOM. - FRANCE. - NIGHT 35

Joe Shaye, Amdursky, and Fox are all watching Frank as he sits naked in a bathtub, his handcuffs still on as he tries to shave his beard.

36 INT. - HOTEL ROOM. - FRANCE. - NIGHT 36

Frank has one hand HANDCUFFED to a chair and both legs shackled to the corner of the bed. He's eating a sandwich and drinking a glass of milk as Joe Shaye sits across from him.

JOE SHAYE
Just sit back and get comfortable. We leave for the airport in nine hours.

FRANK
I want to call my father.

JOE SHAYE
You can call him when we get to New York? I apologize for the room -- it's the only place the agency could afford.

FRANK
Don't worry, Joe. I've stayed in worse.

37 INT. - TIMES SQUARE HOTEL. - NIGHT 37

Frank wears blue pajamas as he's THROWN OUT OF A DILAPIDATED TIMES SQUARE HOTEL ROOM BY THE NIGHT MANAGER, who is dragging him toward the door.

SUPER: OCTOBER, 1964

MANAGER
I don't want to hear your story. That's two checks that bounced, do you know how much trouble I'm in?

FRANK
The bank made a mistake, Andy, I'll write you a check right now! Please, it's midnight, I have no place to go.

The manager pushes Frank into the cage elevator.

MANAGER
You're a goddamn kid. You should be in school.

38 INT. - NEW YORK HOTEL ROOM. - NIGHT 38

A decrepit Times Square Hotel Room. Frank sits up in bed staring down at his NEW JERSEY DRIVER'S LICENSE -- which is a simple ID card with no picture. Frank uses a pen to change the date of birth from 1948 to 1938.

39 INT. - NEW YORK SAVINGS BANK. - DAY 39

Frank holds a BLACK BRIEFCASE as he stands in front of a FEMALE BANK TELLER holding a CHASE MANHATTAN CHECK.

FRANK
My boss sent me to Brooklyn, then Queens, now he wants me in Long Island and I'm short train fare. It's my first week -I don't think I'm cut out to be a salesman.

ASHLEY
I'm sorry, but we're not allowed to cash checks from other banks. How would we know if they were any good?

FRANK
What's your name?

ASHLEY
Ashley.

FRANK
You do me this favor, Ashley, and i give you this sterling silver Waldmann pen. It's German. What do you say?

Frank takes the PEN out of his pocket.

ASHLEY
I feel so bad. I'm really not supposed to take the check. How about if I just loan you a few dollars myself?

Ashley takes some money out of her own pocket.

FRANK
That's okay, Ashley. I'll find my way to Chase Manhattan.

40 EXT. - BANK. - DAY **40**

As Frank walks out of the bank, he watches A PILOT AND TWO FLIGHT ATTENDANTS step out of a cab right in front of him. They are all laughing as they head for the revolving doors of the MAYFAIR HOTEL.

Frank watches as the PILOT SLIPS THE DOORMAN A FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

41 INT. - MAYFAIR HOTEL. - MORNING. **41**

Frank follows the Pilot into the Mayfair, sees the hotel MANAGER rushing over to greet him. The entire lobby seems to be focussed on the Pilot, with BELLMEN running over to carry his bags -- the FLIGHT ATTENDANTS following his every move. Frank turns to an aging BELLMAN.

FRANK
Excuse me, do you know that pilot?

BELLMAN
He's just one of those airline jerks. Just because you fly at thirty thousand feet, doesn't make you God.

Frank watches as the Pilot walks into the elevator, the Flight Attendants by his side.

FRANK (V.O.)
Dear Dad...I've decided to become an airline pilot. I've applied at all the big airlines, and have several promising interviews lined up.

42 EXT. - PAY PHONE. - NEW YORK. - DAY 42

A packed street corner in the center of New York. Frank is eating a hot dog as he talks on a PAY PHONE.

PAN AM OPERATOR (V.O.)
Pan Am, how may I help you?

FRANK
I'd like to speak to someone about a uniform.

PAN AM OPERATOR
Hold for purchasing.

Frank turns and looks directly behind him, where WE SEE the FIFTY STORIES OF THE PAN AM BUILDING Standing tall in the middle of the city.

PURCHASING SUPERVISOR (V.O.)
Purchasing.

FRANK
Yes, my name is Frank Williams, and I'm a co-pilot based out of San Francisco. I flew a flight into New York last night, and I'm leaving for Paris in three hours.

PURCHASING SUPERVISOR (V.O.)
How can we help you?

FRANK
I sent my uniform out to be cleaned through the hotel...

PURCHASING SUPERVISOR (V.O.)
Let me guess. They lost the uniform. Happens all the time.

43 EXT. - NEW YORK STREET. - DAY 43

As the telephone conversation continues, WE SEE Frank running down a busy street, a big smile on his face as he cuts in and out of an endless stream of people.

PURCHASING SUPERVISOR (V.O.)
Go down to the Well-Built Uniform Company at Ninth and Broadway -- they're our uniform supplier. I'11 tell Mister Ross you're coming.

Frank sprints through the doors of the WELL-BUILT UNIFORM COMPANY.

44 INT. - WELL-BUILT UNIFORM COMPANY. - DAY 44

Frank poses in front of a full length mirror wearing a brand new PAN AM UNIFORM. MISTER ROSS kneels in front of him, cuffing his pants. In the B.G., WE SEE rows and rows of uniforms waiting to be shipped.

ROSS
What's your rank?

FRANK
I'm a co-pilot.

ROSS
Right seat. I figure this much. You look too young to be a pilot.

FRANK
I just turned twenty-seven.

Ross places a single GOLD BAR on the lapel of Frank's jacket.

ROSS
How does that feel?

FRANK
It feels great.

ROSS
It's gonna be $164 dollars.

FRANK
No problem. I'll write you a check.

45 EXT. - NEW YORK. - DAY 45

Frank walks down Broadway in his new uniform, enjoying the obvious glances he is getting from men and women who pass by. He sees a little boy pointing at him, and he gives the boy a playful salute. Frank can't help but smile as he drops his briefcase in the nearest trash can, then turns and walks into a bank.

46 INT. - BANK OF NEW YORK. - DAY 46

A FEMALE BANK TELLER is sneaking glances at Frank as she counts out his money on the counter.

BANK TELLER
That's eighty, ninety, one hundred dollars. You have yourself a great time in Paris.

47 INT. - HOTEL LOBBY. - NEW YORK CITY. - DAY 47

A busy, upscale business hotel in the heart of the city. Frank stands in uniform at the front desk.

FRANK
I'm flying out to Paris in the morning. Okay if I write you a check for the room?

FRONT DESK CLERK
No problem, Sir.

FRANK
I was also wondering if you could cash a personal check for me. I've got a date with a cute little hostess this evening.

FRONT DESK CLERK
For airline personnel, we cash checks up to three hundred dollars.

FRANK
I won't need that much. Let's make it two-fifty.

48 INT. - MAYFAIR HOTEL ROOM. - NEW YORK. - NIGHT 48

An episode of THE RIFLEMAN is on the black and white TV in the hotel room. A ROOM SERVICE CART sits next to the bed, piled high with half-eaten plates of french fries, hamburgers, and slices of apple pie.

As Frank sleeps on the king sized bed, the PILOT'S UNIFORM lies next to him on top of the sheets.

49 EXT. - ABAGNALE STATIONERS. - NEW ROCHELLE. - DAY 49

Frank Sr. gets off the bus in front of his store. He is wearing his black suit and holding a briefcase as he starts to unlock the front door to the store. TWO POLICE DETECTIVES walk up behind him.

DETECTIVE #1
Frank Abagnale?

Frank turns around, stares at the TWO COPS as they show him their BADGES.

FRANK
What is this? The IRS said no charges would filed.

DETECTIVE #2
Sir, we'd like to talk to you about
(MORE)

DETECTIVE #2 (CONT'D)
a checking account at Chase Manhattan bank. The account is four thousand dollars overdrawn, and checks are bouncing every day.

DETECTIVE #1
The account is in your son's name, and he was reported as a runaway in March.

FRANK SR.
What are you saying? You think Frank is writing those checks?

DETECTIVE #1
Do you know where your son is, Mr. Abagnale?

FRANK SR.
You guys are looking for the wrong person.

DETECTIVE #2
And how do you know that? Has Frank been in contact with you?

FRANK SR.
If I tell you where he is, will you promise not to tell his mother?

The two Detectives nod.

FRANK SR.
(lowering his voice)
Frank made up a fake I.D and enlisted in the Marine Corps -- he's over in Vietnam right now. Somebody must have stolen his bank book, because he's half way around the world crawling through the jungle and fighting the fucking communists. So don't come to my place of business and call my boy a criminal, because that kid has more guts than either of you will ever know.

DETECTIVE #1
I'm sorry, Sir. We didn't know.

FRANK SR.
It's okay. Nobody knows.

50 INT. - PLAZA HOTEL. - NEW YORK. - DAY 50

Frank walks up to the front desk of the PLAZA HOTEL.

FRANK
Do you rent typewriters?

FRONT DESK CLERK
Of course, Mr. Williams. Would you like electric or manual?

FRANK
I've never used electric before.

FRONT DESK CLERK
You should try it. I'll send our typist up to give you a lesson.

51 INT. - PLAZA HOTEL SUITE. - NIGHT 51

CLOSE ON

A BANK COUNTER CHECK

The ELECTRIC STRIKING BALL of the typewriter is going over the same words again and again, making them appear PRINTED.

The top of the phony check reads:

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS EMPLOYEE NUMBER 15415

PAY TO THE ORDER OF FRANK WILLIAMS 513.12

52 INT. - HOTEL BATHROOM. - DAY 52

Frank kneels over the bathtub, looking down at a PLASTIC 707 MODEL AIRPLANE. The small plane is soaking in the tub, floating up-side-down in a pool of bubbles.

CLOSE ON

THE WING OF THE MODEL PLANE.

The PAN AM LOGO is on the wing. WE WATCH as a TWEEZER lifts the corner of the logo right off the plastic, carefully slipping it off the wing so that the words PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS hang in mid-air.

ON FRANK

meticulously placing the LOGO on top of the check he has just made. The words stick to the paper, and he quickly takes the check and places it in the middle of a hotel BIBLE. He sticks the bible under his bed, the way a kid breaks in a new baseball glove.

53 INT. - CHASE MANHATTAN BANK. - DAY 53

Frank is still in uniform as he walks past two MALE TELLERS and deliberately approaches a YOUNG FEMAL TELLER.

FRANK
I was wondering if you could cash this payroll check for me.

Frank takes the check out of a phony PAN AM ENVELOPE and hands it to the TELLER. The PAN AM LOGO on the check is crooked and off-centered. The type blurred and almost illegile.

FRANK
You have beautiful eyes.

The TELLER smiles at Frank, barely glances at the check as she opens her CASH DRAWER.

TELLER
How would you like it?

54 INT. - NEW YORK HOBBY SHOP. - DAY 54

A small HOBBY SHOP in Times Square. Frank sets FIFTEEN BOXES of PAN AM MODEL AIRPLANES on the counter.

HOBBY SHOP OWNER
That's a lot of planes.

FRANK
I give them away at Christmas to needy children.

55 INT. - NEW YORK HOTEL SUITE. - NIGHT 55

CLOSE ON

A HOTEL BATHTUB FILLED WITH MODEL AIRPLANES THAT ARE SOAKING IN WARM WATER.

Frank sits at a desk, pulls a CHECK from the carriage of an electric typewriter. The check is perfectly centered, the Pan Am logo straight, the lines and words looking thick and heavy -- as if they were printed.

Frank takes the check and sets it on the hotel bed, where FIVE HUNDRED FRESHLY MADE CHECKS are sitting in neatly stacked piles.

56 INT. - MAYFAIR HOTEL. - MORNING 56

Frank walks downstairs in his uniform, CHECK IN HAND. The HOTEL MANAGER rushes over to greet him.

MANAGER
What can I do for you, Mr. Williams.

FRANK
I'm headed out to Spain this morning and I need a little spending money.

MANAGER
I'm sorry, sir, we won't have any cash into the bank's open in an hour, but I'm sure they can cash your check at the airport.

FRANK
The airport? They cash checks at the airport?

57 INT. - LA GUARDIA AIRPORT. - MORNING. 57

Frank wears his pilot's uniform as he walks through the crowded airport holding a thick wad of cash. As he stuffs the money into his pockets, he walks toward a sign that reads: AIRLINE PERSONNEL ONLY.

58 INT. - PERSONNEL AREA. - LA GUARDIA. - DAY 58

A giant warehouse filled with PILOTS, CO-PILOTS, FLIGHT ATTENDANTS, and BAGGAGE HANDLERS. There is a CAFETERIA, NEWSSTAND, AIRLINE SHOP, and SHOE SHINE. BOOTH.

Frank sits down in one of the SHOE SHINE CHAIRS, two TWA PILOTS next to him. He stares at their I.D. BADGES, which are laminated pictures clipped to the front of their jackets.

FRANK
Morning.

The TWO PILOTS turn and look at Frank.

TWA PILOT
Morning. You mind if I ask you a question?

FRANK
Sure.

TWA PILOT
I see you here all the time, and I was wondering what Pan Am is doing out here at La Guardia. Pan Am doesn't fly into La Guardia.

Frank stares at the pilot, has no idea what to say.

TWA PILOT #2
You working charters?

FRANK
Yeah. Charters. I'm headed out to Kennedy in a few minutes.

TWA PILOT
I figured as much. What kind of equipment you on?

Frank thinks for a long BEAT, has no idea what to say.

FRANK
General Electric.

TWA PILOT #2
General Electric? What the hell do you fly, washing machines?

59 EXT. - LA GUARDIA. - DAY **59**

Frank is running out of the airport.

FRANK (V.O)
Dear Dad. I have been accepted to Pan Am's flight school, and will be starting my training immediately. I am sending you a picture of me in my uniform, so that you can show it to mom, and let her know that I am a pilot for the greatest. airline in the world.

60 EXT. - PAN AM BUILDING. - DAY **60**

The massive CORPORATE OFFICES of PAN AM, which look out over the Manhattan. Frank, dressed like a student and wearing a backpack, gets out of the elevator and walks up to a RECEPTIONIST.

FRANK
I'm Frank Black from Monroe High School. I have an appointment with Mister Mulligan.

RECEPTIONIST
Go on in, Frank. He's waiting for you.

Frank hesitates as he walks toward a door marked <u>PAUL MULLIGAN, DIRECTOR OF AIRLINE SECURITY.</u>

61 INT. - MULLIGAN'S OFFICE. - DAY **61**

PAUL MULLIGAN, 70s, a small, rock of a man stands behind a WALL OF PICTURES, MILITARY MEDALS, PAN AM ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS, AND EMPLOYEE OF THE YEAR CERTIFICATES that are neatly displayed on the wall behind him.

MULLIGAN
Frank, I'm Paul Milligan, head of security for Pan American World
(MORE)

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
Airways. I understand you're writing a report about Pan Am and you'd like to speak to a real life pilot.

FRANK
Yes, Sir.

MULLIGAN
Well you're in luck, son. Because I was one of the best.

62 INT. - PAN AM BUILDING. - DAY 62

Frank is following Paul Mulligan through a large GALLERY which shows the history of PAN AM in black and white pictures and detailed PLASTIC MODELS.

FRANK
What does it mean when one pilot says to another pilot, "what kind of equipment are you on?"

MULLIGAN
He's asking what kind of plane they're flying. DC-10, 707, 727.

FRANK
What about the I.D. badges I've seen pilots wear?

MULLIGAN
A pilot is required to carry two things with him at all times. His airline personnel badge, which is similar to this Pan Am badge I'm wearing, and his FAA license.

Mulligan pulls an old FAA LICENSE out of his wallet.

FRANK
Do you think I could make a copy of this license to put in my report?

MULLIGAN
You can have it, Frank. It expired five years ago.

FRANK
What about your I.D. badge? Do you have an extra one I could borrow?

MULLIGAN
I'm afraid I can't help you there. These badges are special ordered from Polaroid. The only way to get
(MORE)

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
one is to become a real live pilot for Pan Am.

63 INT. - POLAROID CORPORATE OFFICES. - NEW YORK. - DAY 63

A LARGE OFFICE IN NEW YORK CITY. A POLAROID SALESMAN has opened a SAMPLE BOOK and is showing off page after page of LAMINATED I.D. BADGES.

FRANK wears a suit and tie as he sits across from the salesman examining the book.

FRANK
Caribbean Air will be expanding our routes next year to include most of the East coast. I'm thinking we'll need several thousand badges.

POLAROID SALESMAN
Ag you can see, we make the I.D. badges for almost every major airline.

Frank points to one of the badges.

FRANK
I like that one. Which airline is that?

POLAROID SALESMAN
That's Pan Am. Would you like the brochure on that one?

FRANK
My boss wanted me to bring back an actual I.D. badge, not a brochure.

POLAROID SALESMAN
That's no problem, Mr. Anderson. We make all the badges right here with this equipment.

The salesman motions to a large CAMERA AND LAMINATOR.

POLAROID SALESMAN
I can make you one in a few seconds.

FRANK
I have an idea. Why don't you use me as the subject?

64 INT - KENNEDY AIRPORT. - DAY 64

Frank is walking through KENNEDY AIRPORT, his authentic PAN AM I.D. BADGE secured to the front of his uniform. He

walks up to an EASTERN AIRLINES ticket counter and smiles at the TICKET AGENT.

FRANK
Hello. I'm a Pan Am co-pilot and I'd like to fly on your two-thirty to Miami.

EASTERN TICKET AGENT
You want to dead-head to Miami?

FRANK
Yes. Dead-head.

Frank hands the AGENT his I.D. BADGE and Mulligan's FAA license, which has been cropped at the top where Mulligan's name used to be. She barely glances at either.

EASTERN TICKET AGENT
You're in luck, Sir. The jump seat is open.

FRANK
What's the jump seat?

The Ticket Agent starts to laugh, and Frank laughs with her.

65 INT. - EASTERN 707. - DAY **65**

MARCI, A cute 27 year old EASTERN STEWARDESS. with short blonde hair and glasses stands at the front of the plane smiling at Frank, who holds out his pink boarding slip.

MARCI
Are you my dead-head?

66 INT. - COCKPIT. - 707. - DAY **66**

Frank is led into the cockpit by Marcy trying not to react to the intensity of the tiny space. He immediately looks around for the jump seat -- or any seat -- but sees nothing.

MARCI
Frank, this is Captain Oliver. That's John Paxton, the Co-Pilot, this is Ron vega, flight engineer.

FRANK
Frank Williams, Pan Am. Thanks for giving me a lift.

CAPTAIN OLIVER
Go ahead and take a seat, Frank, we're about to push.

Frank continues to search for the JUMP SEAT, the panic starting to show on his face as Marci reaches her hand around to the back of the cockpit door and pulls down the small METAL SEAT.

MARCI
There you go. Would you like a drink after take-off?

Frank quickly sits in the jump-seat, his hands shaking as he tries to strap himself in.

FRANK
A glass of milk, please.

67 EXT. - KENNEDY AIRPORT RUNWAY. - DAY. 67

THE EASTERN JET shooting down the runway at Kennedy airport. CLOSE ON FRANK -- inside the cockpit -- his hands gripping the sides of the JUMP-SEAT, his body and face clenched into a silent scream as the plane lifts off, banking left as it shoots out over Manhattan.

Frank is staring out the cockpit window in disbelief, the way all kids do the first time they ride in a plane.

68 INT. - EASTERN 707. - LATER IN FLIGHT 68

Frank walks through the COCKPIT DOOR, sees Marcy preparing drinks at the beverage station.

MARCI
Hello dead-head. Enjoying your free ride?

FRANK
Marcy, did you drop this?

Frank takes a SMALL GOLD NECKLACE out of his jacket pocket.

FRANK
Must have slipped right off your neck.

69 INT. - FRANK'S HOTEL ROOM. - MIAMI. NIGHT 69

Frank is lying on top of Marci -- losing his virginity -- not moving -- just staring down at her with a bizarre look on his face. The lights are low, the radio is on.

FRANK
Are all hostesses as nice as you?

MARCI
Stewardess. You know we like to be
(MORE)

MARCI (CONT'D)
called stewardess now. Why are you stopping?

FRANK
I want to tell you something, Marci. This is by far the best date I've ever been on.

70 INT. - AIRPORT. - DAY 70

Frank walks toward a TWA TICKET COUNTER with a big smile on his face.

FRANK
Is the jump-seat open on your four o'clock to Dallas?

71 INT. - DALLAS BANK. - DAY 71

Frank is wearing his pilot's uniform as he walks up to LUCY, the pretty ASSISTANT MANAGER of a small Dallas bank.

LUCY
Welcome to Dallas National Bank, how may I help you?

FRANK
What's your name, Ma'am?

LUCY
Lucy Rogers. I'm the Assistant Manager.

FRANK
Lucy, my name is Frank Williams, and I'm a co-pilot for Pan Am. I'd like to cash this check and then take you to dinner.

72 INT. - DALLAS HOTEL ROOM. - NIGHT 72

Frank is dancing with LUCY, who is laughing uncontrollably as he twirls her around the room.

LUCY
Okay, enough! I'm gonna be sick. I have to get home and get some sleep.

FRANK
It's only midnight.

LUCY
One of my tellers got married last night, and I'm gonna be short handed all week.

FRANK
What if I came and helped you out down at the bank?

LUCY
Now why would a Pan Am Pilot want to work in my stupid bank?

Frank twirls Lucy, dipping her in the middle of the room.

FRANK
To be close to you.

73 INT. - DALLAS NATIONAL BANK. - DAY 73

Frank is standing with Lucy behind the counter of the bank, watching as she feeds a stack of CHECKS into a MICKER ENCODING

MACHINE.

LUCY
We feed the checks through the micker machine, and the magic eye reads the micker ink and then sorts the checks by numbers.

FRANK
What numbers?

LUCY
See the numbers on the bottom of the checks. Those are called routing numbers.

FRANK
Where do the checks get routed to?

LUCY
Well, I'm not exactly sure. Nobody ever asked before.

74 INT. - PUBLIC LIBRARY. - DAY 74

Frank wears his pilots uniform as he sits across from a group of HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS who are writing term papers. As the students talk and laugh at their desks, Frank leans over to

them.

FRANK
Would you keep it down, please?

The students immediately quiet down as Frank turns a page in his book -- <u>THE HISTORY OF BANKING IN AMERICA.</u> He is

reading a chapter called -- THE 12 BANKS OF THE U.S. FEDERAL RESERVE

75 EXT. - NEW JERSEY AUCTION HOUSE. - DAY 75

A SIGN READS: FORECLOSURE AUCTION -- NEW JERSEY NATIONAL BANK

WE SEE rows of desks, chairs, couches, and cash drawers -- everything you could possibly find at a bank. The AUCTIONEER stands in front of a room filled with BANKERS and BUSINESSMEN in dark suits.

AUCTIONEER
Our next item up for bid is also from the Jersey National foreclosure. This is a micker encoder, a machine used to encode bank checks. Do I have an opening bid?

In the audience, Frank, dressed in a suit, smiles as he raises his paddle.

FRANK
Five dollars.

76 EXT. - VILLAGE INN BAR. - EASTCHESTER, NEW JERSEY. - DAY 76

The parking lot is packed with cars. A light snow is falling as FRANK SR. walks out of the bar and buttons his jacket.

FRANK
Happy birthday, Dad.

Frank turns to face his son, who is standing in front of a RED CADILLAC that still has the sticker in the window. The two men stared at each other for a long BEAT and then embrace in the middle of the lot.

FRANK SR.
Jesus, look at you? My son the birdman. That is some uniform, Frank.

FRANK
I bought you a Cadillac.

Frank motions to the car, holds up the keys.

FRANK
Automatic transmission. She goes over a hundred miles an hour. It says it right on the speedometer.

Frank Sr. stares at his son, then glances at the car.

FRANK SR.
She's beautiful. Only I'm gonna get myself another white one. I already ordered it. You keep that one, Frank, maybe one day we'll race to Atlantic City.

FRANK
I went by the store today. Since when do you close on a Friday?

FRANK SR.
I had to close the store for awhile. It's all about timing, Frank, the goddamn government knows that. They hit you when you're down, and I wasn't gonna let them take it from me. So I just shut the doors myself, called their bluff.

FRANK
I can get you money, whatever you need. We can buy ten stores.

FRANK SR.
No. It's better this way. I'm laying low for awhile, letting them have their fun. It's just a stationary store -- sooner or later they'll forget about me.

FRANK
Have you talked to Mom?

FRANK SR.
She's so stubborn, your mother. But I won't let her go without a fight. I've been fighting for her since the day we met.

FRANK
Out of all those soldiers, you were the one that took her home.

FRANK SR.
That's right. Two hundred men were sitting in this little social hall watching her dance. What was the name of that damn

village?

FRANK
Montpelier.

FRANK SR.
I didn't speak a word of French, and six

weeks later she was my wife.

A WOMAN PULLS UP IN AN OLD FORD AND HONKS FOR FRANK SR.. She smiles and waves at him through the window, and he waves back.

FRANK SR.
Shit. I have to go, Frank.

FRANK
I was hoping I could buy you a steak.

FRANK SR.
Jesus, tonight is no good. That's my friend Darlene. She's cooking me dinner for my birthday. She used to be the pastry chef at Elaines. Why don't you come home with us?

FRANK
No, I should probably get out to the airport. I'm flying the red eye tonight.

FRANK SR.
Where are you going?

FRANK
Dad, I'm serious about what I said. I can get you money -- whatever you need.

FRANK SR.
Just tell me where you're going. I bet it's someplace warm.

FRANK
Yeah. Hawaii.

FRANK SR.
Hawaii. My son is going to Hawaii tonight. The rest of us really are suckers.

Frank Sr. gives his son a hug, then turns and starts walking toward the Woman in the Ford.

77 INT. - FBI OFFICES. - WASHINGTON. - DAY 77

SUPER: FBI BUILDING, WASHINGTON DC.

CLOSE ON

A SLIDE PROJECTOR -- the circular tray turning clockwise as an AGENT JOE SHAYE stands at the front of the room addressing FIVE FBI AGENTS.

JOE SHAYE
John Doe 2172 is a paperhanger who started on the East Coast. During the last few weeks 2172 has developed a new form of check fraud, which I'm calling "the float". Next slide.

The slide doesn't change.

JOE SHAYE
Next slide, please.

FBI AGENT
The remote thing is broken. You'll have to do it by hand.

Joe reaches in and turns the slide.

JOE SHAYE
What he's doing is opening checking accounts all over the country and changing the Micker Inc routing numbers on the bottom of those checks.

CLOSE ON

THE FACES OF THE FIVE FBI AGENTS, looking bored as they all listen to Joe, having no idea what he's talking about. Some of the agents are yawning, while other are doodling at their desks.

JOE SHAYE
This is a map of the 12 branches of the U.S. Federal Reserve. The optical scanners at the bank read the numbers on the bottom of a check -- then ship the check off to the corresponding branch.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
Joe, for those of us not familiar with bank fraud, would you mind telling us what the hell you're talking about?

JOE SHAYE
The East Coast branches are numbered seven through twelve, the midwest four, five and six.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
You mean to say that those numbers on the bottom of a check actually mean something?

JOE SHAYE
Yes. And if you change a number one to a number nine -- a check cashed in New York won't be sent to the East Coast reserve -- but will be rerouted all the way to California. The bank won't know the check has bounced for two weeks, which means this guy can stay in one place while the same banks over and over.

The AGENTS literally scratched their heads -- trying to follow.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
And this is why you called for an emergency briefing? Because of a couple of bounced checks.

Laughter from the other Agents as Joe tries to smile.

JOE SHAYE
Sean, I was hoping to get some back-up on this.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
You want my wife to help you? She's the one who balances the checkbook at home?

78 INT. - RENTAL CAR. - LOS ANGELES. - DAY 78

SUPER: HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA - JULY, 1964

FBI AGENTS AMDURSKY AND FOX are driving with Joe through Hollywood. Fox sits in the back holding a street map.

AMDURSKY
...I'm wearing a red dress and high heels, running through this park and chasing these two Puerto Rican's with a suitcase filled with marijuana -- and I reach for my radio to call for back-up, but the radio is stuck in my bra...

Joe turns up the volume on the radio, keeps his eyes on the road as he drives.

AMDURSKY
That's a funny story. People always laugh at that story.

JOE SHAYE
Let me ask you something, Amdursky. If he had so much fun working undercover, why don't you transfer into bank fraud?

AGENT AMDURSKY
I didn't transfer. I was demoted.
(off Joe's look)
Demoted is the wrong word. It was more like...punished. I screwed up in the field.

JOE SHAYE
What about you, Mr. Fox? Did you fuck up in the field and get punished?

FOX
No. I've never een in the field before. I was in the L.A. public relations office, but we were shut down after the riots.

JOE SHAYE
That's just great. I ask for backup, they drag the bottom of the Pacific.

AMDURSKY
Can I ask you something, Joe? How come you're so serious all the time?

JOE SHAYE
Does it bother you?

AGENT AMDURSKY
Yes. It bothers me.

JOE SHAYE
Does it bother you, Mr. Fox?

FOX
A little, I guess.

JOE SHAYE
Would you guys like to hear me tell a joke?

AGENT AMDURSKY
Yeah. We'd love to hear a joke from you.

JOE SHAYE
Knock Knock.

AGENT AMDURSKY
Who's there?

JOE SHAYE
Go fuck yourselves.

79 INT. - TROPICANA MOTEL. - LOS ANGELES. - DAY 79

Joe approaches the front desk of the motel, where the OWNER stands in front of a fan.

MOTEL OWNER
He's been here two weeks, written lots of checks. The one that bounced was for twenty dollars, and he took care of it right away.

JOE SHAYE
Nobody is going to blame you. The bank called us. He's probably not the man we're looking for.

MOTEL OWNER
I don't want my customers harassed. He took care of it.

JOE SHAYE
Do you have any of the checks he's written you?

MOTEL OWNER
He gave me one yesterday.

The owner takes a check out of the register, hands it to Joe. Joe stares at the check for a BEAT, slowly starts to smile.

JOE SHAYE
I don't believe it. You guys stay here, watch the front.

AMDURSKY
Stay here? This guy's a check forger, a goddamn paper hanger. He doesn't even carry a gun.

FOX
Why can't we go with you, Joe?

JOE SHAYE
Just be quiet and watch the front, And if you're good, we'll take you both for ice cream when we're finished.

80 EXT. - TROPICANA MOTEL. - LOS ANGELES. - DAY 80

Joe Shaye walks through the busy pool area of the motel, passing a few FLIGHT ATTENDANTS who are sitting by the

tiny pool. Joe makes his way up the main stairwell -- walks through a fire door with his gun leading the way.

CLOSE ON

ROOM 212

at the end of the second floor hallway, the DO NOT DISTURB SIGN hanging off the door. Joe slowly makes his way down the hall, passing a MAID who is about to scream -- until he shows her his badge and violently motions for her to hide inside a room.

Joe creeps along the wall, his gun straight out, his face covered in sweat. He freezes when he hears a door creak, his breathing labored as the front of ROOM 212 slowly swings open and Frank walks into the hallway. He wears a dark brown suit and holds a black suitcase.

JOE SHAYE
Freeze! FBI! Don't you move! Put your hands on your head or I'll shoot you!

Frank slowly turns to face Joe. The two men stare at each other for a BEAT.

FRANK
Relax, buddy, you're late. My name is Johnson, Secret Service. Our boy just tried to climb out the window -- my partner has him cuffed in the alley downstairs.

JOE SHAYE
Secret Service? What are you talking about? Keep your hands in the air.

FRANK
You think the FBI are the only ones tracking this guy. We've been following a paper trail for months, almost had him in New York. Would you mind taking that gun out of my face, it makes me nervous.

JOE SHAYE
Let me see some identification.

FRANK
Here. Take my whole wallet.

Frank through his wallet to Joe, who catches it with his free hand, but doesn't open it.

FRANK
You want my gun, too? Come over here and take my gun!

Frank opens his jacket, but not wide enough for Joe to see that he's not armed.

FRANK
Are you gonna lower that weapon? We're supposed to be on the same team.

Joe hesitates, then slowly lowers his gun and holsters it.

JOE SHAYE
I'm sorry. I got a little carried away. I didn't expect Secret Service on this.

FRANK
Counterfeiting is our thing.

JOE SHAYE
I know. I know. I just wasn't expecting...

FRANK
Don't worry about it.
(showing him the briefcase)
This is his typewriter. I'm gonna go lock it in my trunk. Do me a favor and guard his room for a minute.

Frank starts moving toward the back stairwell.

FRANK
And yell down to my partner in the alley -- tell him I'm on my way.

Frank starts to walk down back the stairwell. He looks back at Joe, who stands at the front of room 212.

FRANK
What's your name, anyway?

JOE SHAYE
Joe Shaye.

FRANK
Tough luck, Joe. Five minutes earlier and you would have landed yourself a pretty good collar.

Frank starts walking down the stairs.

JOE SHAYE
Wait.

Frank stops, slowly turns back to Joe.

JOE SHAYE
Your wallet.

FRANK
Hang onto it for a minute. I trust you.

81 EXT. - TROPICANA MOTEL. - LOS ANGELES. - DAY 81

Frank walks downstairs, opens the EMERGENCY EXIT that leads to a back alley. He looks both ways, then starts to run toward HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD.

82 EXT. - ROOM 212. - MINUTES LATER. 82

Joe Shaye is guarding the entrance of room 212. He's standing tall, almost at attention. After a BEAT he looks down at the wallet in his hand, his mind starting to consider a single horrible thought.

83 INT. - FBI OFFICES. - WASHINGTON. - DAY 83

Joe Shaye is sitting in the office of Special Agent Wilkes, the office window facing out on the Washington Monument.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
I cleared Amdursky and Fox in this John Doe thing.

JOE SHAYE
Thanks, Sean. It was my call all the way.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
Sometimes we all get a little lost out there. No shame in being rusty. You wanna talk about it?

JOE SHAYE
Not really. I made a mistake.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
Forget about it. There are hundreds of John Doe's out there.

JOE SHAYE
Yeah, but I'm gonna get this one. The worst thing a paperhanger can do is show is face. I saw him, I heard his voice -there's nothing for him to hide behind.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
Just be careful, Joe. You've got 12-years in, nobody bothers you down on the first floor. You practically wrote the book on bank fraud, and that's good enough to make you F-4 some day. There's no reason to put yourself in this type of position.

JOE SHAYE
What position is that?

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
The position of being humiliated.

Joe stares at Wilkes, slowly stands and heads for the door. He's about to leave when he turns and looks back at Wilkes.

JOE SHAYE
Hey, Sean, you want to hear a joke?

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
Sure.

JOE SHAYE
Knock knock.

84 INT. - WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL. - NEW YORK. - NIGHT 84

A ROOM SERVICE WAITER opens a metal lid on a serving tray, revealing a huge steak and french fries.

FRANK
Do you have any ketchup, Richard?

WAITER
It's in the little bowl, Mr. Williams.

FRANK
Thanks. Here ya go. Keep the change

Frank takes a crumpled fifty dollar bill out of his pocket, hands it to the waiter.

WAITER
Thank you very much, Mr. Williams.

FRANK
Richard, this is a huge steak. Do you want some?

WAITER
I would, but my shift is over. I'm going home to my kids. But thank you
(MORE)

WAITER (CONT'D)
for asking, Mr. Williams. And merry Christmas.

FRANK
Merry Christmas.

85 INT. - FBI FINGERPRINT LAB. - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY 85

CLOSE ON A FINGERPRINT UNDER A MICROSCOPE -- WE SEE ONE PRINT AFTER ANOTHER.

JOE SHAYE

is looking through a giant PRINT BOOK -- tediously searching for a match. Joe is alone in the fingerprint lab, where a pathetic looking Christmas tree sits in the corner of the room. The phone rings, and Joe quickly answers.

JOE SHAYE (ON PHONE)
This is Shaye. Merry Christmas.

FRANK
Hello, Joe.

JOE SHAYE
Who is this?

FRANK
Johnson, Secret Service.

Joe sits up at his desk, grabs a pencil and paper.

JOE SHAYE
John Doe 2172?

FRANK
I've been trying tO track you down for a couple of hours. Did you know that most people in the FBI have no idea who you are or what you do?

JOE SHAYE
What do you want?

FRANK
I wanted to apologize for what happened out in Los Angeles.

JOE SHAYE
Fuck you. Don't you apologize to me. I'm the one that's gonna put you in jail.

FRANK
Joe, do you always work on Christmas Eve?

Joe looks around the room before he answers.

JOE SHAYE
I volunteered, so that men with families could go home early.

FRANK
You were wearing a wedding ring in L.A.. I thought maybe you had a family?

JOE SHAYE
No. I've never been married.

FRANK
How come?

JOE SHAYE
You want to talk to me, let's talk face to face.

FRANK
Okay. I'm at the Waldorf Astoria in Manhattan. Suite 3113.

Joe starts to write this down, then suddenly stops himself.

JOE SHAYE
You think you're gonna get me again, don't you? You'd love for me to send twenty agents out on Christmas Eve to barge into that hotel, break down doors so you can make a fool out of me again.

FRANK
Joe, I'm sorry if I made a fool out of you.

JOE SHAYE
Goddamn it, don't you feel sorry for me. The truth is, I knew it was you. Maybe I didn't pull the trigger, but I knew.

FRANK
People only know what you tell them.

JOE SHAYE
Then tell me something. How did you know I wouldn't look in the wallet?

FRANK
The same reason the Yankees always win. Nobody can keep their eyes off the pinstripes.

JOE SHAYE
The Yankees win because they have Mickey Mantle.

FRANK
I have to go. I'm catching a flight in two hours. Merry Christmas, Joe.

JOE SHAYE
You didn't call to apologize, did you John Doe?

FRANK
What do you mean?

JOE SHAYE
You've got no one else to call.

Joe hangs up the phone. He cups his hands to his face, then stares at a picture of his WIFE AND DAUGHTER -- which sits on the desk in front of him.

86 INT. - WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL. - ROOM 86

Frank slowly hangs up the phone. He walks over to the chair in the room, picks up his Pilot's cap, and puts it on.

87 INT. - LAS VEGAS SAVINGS AND LOAN. - DAY 87

Frank stands across from a NEW ACCOUNTS MANAGER at a LAS VEGAS BANK.

NEW ACCOUNTS MANAGER
You account balance will be three hundred dollars, Mr. Williams. And these are your temporary checks.

FRANK
What if I want to make a deposit?

NEW ACCOUNTS MANAGER
Just take a deposit slip off the counter, then fill in your name and the amount you wish to deposit.

FRANK
I don't need to fill in my account number?

NEW ACCOUNTS MANAGER
At Nevada Savings and Loan, we treat our customers by name instead of by number.

Frank walks over and stares at the deposit slips. He grabs A THICK STACK and shoves them into his coat.

88 INT. - CAESAR'S PALACE HOTEL. - NIGHT 88

CLOSE ON

A DEPOSIT SLIP AS IT'S FED INTO THE MICKER MACHINE.

When the deposit slips come through the other side, WE SEE a NINE DIGIT ACCOUNT NUMBER printed on the bottom. Frank sits on the edge of his Las Vegas hotel room -- HUNDREDS OF DEPOSIT SLIPS COVERING THE BED.

89 INT. - NEVADA SAVINGS AND LOAN. - DAY 89

Frank walks into the bank, casually switches his stack of deposit slips with the ones on display.

90 INT. - FBI OFFICES. - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY 90

Joe Shaye uses a slide projector as he files a report in front of TEN AGENTS.

JOE SHAYE
I'm calling it "The Switch." Next slide.

The slide doesn't change.

JOE SHAYE
Next slide!

FBI AGENT
You have to hit the thing on the side a few times.

Joe hits the slide projector, and the slide changes.

JOE SHAYE
John Doe 2172 took two hundred and fifty deposit slips from Nevada Savings and encoded his account number on the bottom of each one.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
Wait a second, Joe. Those slips don't even have his name on them.

JOE SHAYE
The bank scanners read the micker
(MORE)

JOE SHAYE (CONT'D)
ink before they read pen ink. So even though those deposit slips are filled out correctly, each person who made a deposit that day was actually putting money into his account.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
How much did he get?

JOE SHAYE
Forty-six thousand, four hundred and twelve dollars. It was the second largest bank robbery in the history of Las Vegas.

91 INT. - PAN AM BUILDING COMMISSARY. - DAY 91

Paul Mulligan sits across from Frank eating lunch. Frank is dressed in school clothes and holding a notebook.

FRANK
What's the fuel consumption of a 707 in flight?

MULLIGAN
Kid, I'm really not in the mood for this today. That damn Skywayman 18 driving me crazy. There was another article.

FRANK
Who's The Skywayman?

Mulligan hands Frank a copy of the NEW YORK TIMES.

MULLIGAN
Some nut flying around the country posing as a Pan Am pilot. The Times has devoted a weekly column to him.

Frank stares down at the TIMES, his eyes wide as he stares at the headline: SKYWAYMAN VISITS WASHINGTON: ELUSIVE PHONY STILL FLYING THE FRIENDLY SKIES.

FRANK
The Skywayman...

MULLIGAN
I keep telling them it's not my problem. He doesn't fly on Pan Am planes -- he flies on everybody else. The damn paper is in love with this clown -- they call him the James Bond of the sky.

FRANK
Did you say James Bond?

92 INT. - MOVIE THEATER. - NIGHT 92

Frank is sitting in a movie theater watching GOLDFINGER, his eyes glued to the screen. He's eating a box of popcorn, a big smile on his face as he stares up at SEAN CONNERY.

93 INT. - CLOTHING STORE. - DAY 93

Frank is wearing a three button black suit with a sweater vest and narrow black tie. He's looking at himself in a full length mirror, with a SALESMAN standing behind him.

FRANK
And you're sure this is the suit?

SALESMAN
Positive. That's the same one he wore in the movie.

FRANK
Okay. I'll take three.

SALESMAN
Now all you need is one of those little Foreign sports cars he drives.

94 INT. - FINGERPRINT LAB. - DAY 94

The lab is packed with AGENTS who are searching for a fingerprint match. Joe Shaye lifts his head from a microscope, rubs his eyes.

FOX
Joe, I got something!

Joe rushes over to Agent Fox, who is holding up TWO SETS OF FINGERPRINTS.

FOX
I was looking through the wanted criminal file, and there it was! Look at that!

Joe takes the file from Fox and opens it.

JOE SHAYE
The Skywayman. Holy shit, a perfect match.

AMDURSKY
They describe The Skywayman as a
(MORE)

AMDURSKY (CONT'D)
thirtyyear-old -- dark hair --six-feet -- same fucking guy!

JOE SHAYE
It doesn't make any sense. A thirty-year-old has to register for the draft, which means his prints have to be there.

FOX
Maybe there's a reason he didn't register. He could have a wooden leg for all we know. Maybe he was born in Peru and he's not an American citizen.

JOE SHAYE
Maybe he's not thirty. Somebody call New York, get a list of juvenile runaways from the NYPD.

AMDURSKY
Why New York?

JOE SHAYE
He said something about the Yankees.

95 EXT. - PAULA ABAGNALE'S HOME. - LONG ISLAND. - MORNING 95

TEN FBI AGENTS have surrounded a TWO-STORY HOME IN LONG ISLAND. Joe Shaye, wearing a black hat and black overcoat, is knocking on the door with Amdersky and Fox. Paula answers with a cigarette in her hand.

JOE SHAYE
Good morning, ma'am, We're the FBI Agents who called.

PAULA
Yes. I've been waiting. I hope you're all hungry. I make biscuits.

96 INT. - PAULA'S HOME. - LONG ISLAND. - MORNING 96

Paula sits on the living room couch pouring three cups of coffee. There is a tray of BISCUITS on the table in front of her.

Paula motions to a FRAMED PICTURE of Jack Wright.

PAULA
He advised me not to speak to you. So I'd appreciate it if you didn't mention this to him.

JOE SHAYE
Of course, Ma'am. Do you have a current address for your ex-husband, Frank Abagnale?

PAULA
No. He moves around a lot these days. How are the biscuits?

AMDURSKY
Very good.

JOE SHAYE
Ma'am, you filed a police report last year for a juvenile runaway named Frank Abagnale, Jr.

Joe hands her a copy of the police report.

PAULA
Is Frankie okay?

JOE SHAYE
Your son is forging checks.

PAULA
He's forging checks? That's why you're here?
(laughing)
Half the kids his age are on dope, throwing rocks at police, and you're scaring me to death because my son is forging checks?

JOE SHAYE
What he's doing is a federal offense.

PAULA
A young boy has to eat, has to have a place to sleep. What do you want him to do? His father can't help him.

Paula gets off the couch and grabs her purse.

PAULA
I'm working part-time now at the church. Just tell me how much he owes and I'll pay you back.

Paula takes out her CHECKBOOK.

JOE SHAYE
So far it's about two million dollars.

97 INT. - FBI UNDERCOVER CAR. - LONG ISLAND STREET. - DAY 97

LUCY, one of the BANK TELLERS. we met earlier, sits in the back seat of a BLACK FBI SEDAN. that is parked in front of Paula's house. Joe Shaye gets in the back seat next to her, opens up the BUCKLEY SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK. On a page marked, SOPHOMORES, Joe points to tiny black and white picture of Frank wearing a coat and tie.

LUCY
Yes, Sir, that's him. But I didn't know he was sixteen! I swear to God I didn't know !

Joe gets out of the car, closes the door on Lucy and smiles at Amdursky and Fox.

JOE SHAYE
We got him.

68.

98 EXT. - JFK AIRPORT. - DAY 98

Frank is wearing his James Bond suit as she pulls up to the airport in a German sports car. He parks the car and jumps out of the convertible, leaving the keys in the ignition.

99 INT. - JFK AIRPORT. - DAY 99

Frank is walking through the airport, eyeing several UNIFORMED COPS who are scattered throughout the terminal, all holding the yearbook picture of FRANK. Frank sees FOUR UNDERCOVER COPS walking toward him, then sees TWO DETECTIVES checking the identification of a PAN AM PILOT.

Frank nervously steps into the NEWSSTAND, hides behind a magazine rack as he slowly reaches up and takes off his Pilot's cap and sunglasses.

FRANK (V.O.)
Dear Dad. I'm no longer an airline pilot for Pan Am. I'm now an FBI Agent working undercover for the United States government. How are you? Please get in touch with Joanna Carlson at Monroe High School, an tell her that I won't be able to go to the Junior Prom with her.

Frank is staring at the cover of PLAYBOY MAGAZINE. He smiles as he reads the headline: <u>RIVER BEND -- THE BEST SINGLES COMPLEX IN AMERICA.</u>

100 EXT. - RIVER BEND APARTMENT COMPLEX. - ATLANTA. - DAY 100

SUPER: ATLANTA, GEORGIA AUGUST 1964

A sprawling APARTMENT COMPLEX. that lines a picturesque golf course. There are two swimming pools, tennis courts, but most of all -- WOMEN. Everywhere you look, there are women walking the grounds, swimming, playing tennis.

Frank is carrying the MICKER BANK MACHINE into his apartment, passing TWO WOMEN in bikinis.

FRANK
Hello, ladies. I see the tomatoes are ripe this afternoon.

WOMAN #1
What is that thing, Frank?

FRANK
This is a micker encoding machine. It's what banks use to print numbers on checks. I collect them.

WOMAN #2
Very cool. Where's the party tonight?

FRANK
I'm doing fondue at my place.

101 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - NIGHT 101

CLOSE ON

A bubbling FONDUE POT with skewers lining the rim. The apartment is packed with men and women who are drinking, smoking pot, and eating fondue.

WOMAN
Frank, this is great fondue.

FRANK
Thanks. Did you see my new phonograph system? It's reel-to-reel. The best sound system you can buy.

Frank motions to the phonograph system in the living room, with giant speakers against the walls.

WOMAN #2
I still want to see that bedroom of yours. I hear you have thirty suits.

FRANK
Thirty-one. Come on, everyone, I'll show you to my closet!

102 INT. - FRANK'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT 102

Frank is standing in front of the master walk-in closet. His bed ig round, and there are mirrors on the ceiling.

FRANK
Okay, you guys ready?

Frank throws open his closet doors, revealing FOUR ROWS of SUITS, all different styles -- all arranged by color.

MAN #1
Whoa, look all those suits!

FRANK
Some of those Manhattan Eagle suits were three hundred dollars. And those shoes are Stacy-Adams slip-ons.

MAN #2
I didn't know the FBI paid so well.

A drunk WOMEN comes running into the bedroom.

WOMAN
Come quick. Lance just fell into the conversation pit.

103 INT. - MARIETTA GENERAL HOSPITAL. - ATLANTA. - NIGHT 103

Frank walks through the hospital, looking into rooms, smiling at patients. He walks toward a RECEPTION DESK, sees a YOUNG DOCTOR yelling at BRENDA STRONG, 17, a thin, awkward looking candy striper with her hair in a bun and braces on her bottom teeth.

YOUNG DOCTOR
These bottles need to be labeled when you pick them up. Do you realize what would happen if they got mixed up -- do you understand how dangerous this is? Don't stand there crying. Just nod your head and tell me you won't do it again!

Brenda nods her head, quickly walks away from the doctor and sits behind the RECEPTION DESK. She burys her head and starts to write a letter, her body still sobbing as Frank walks up to her.

FRANK
Are you okay?

Brenda looks up at Frank, her eyes and nose puffy from crying. She covers her mouth when she talks.

BRENDA
He told me to pick up the blood, so I did. He never told me to label it.

FRANK
It's okay. What's your name?

BRENDA
Brenda.

FRANK
Brenda, I wouldn't worry about it. These Doctors don't know everything.

BRENDA
It's my first week. I think they're going to fire me.

FRANK
No. Nobody will fire you. I'll bet you're good at your job.

BRENDA
No, I'm not.

FRANK
I'll bet if I asked you to check the status of my friend, Lance Applebaum, you could do that in a second. He hurt his foot tonight.

Brenda grabs a chart, starts to read it out loud.

BRENDA
Mr. Applebaum fractured his ankle. Doctor Ashland is treating him in exam seven.

FRANK
See that. No problem.

Brenda smiles, covering her mouth.

BRENDA
This is the emergency chart. See the blue star, that means the patient has been diagnosed. After he's treated, we put a red circle here.

FRANK
How do you like those braces?

Brenda looks embarrassed as she stares at Frank.

BRENDA
I guess they're okay.

FRANK
I got mine off last year.

Frank smiles wide, showing Brenda his teeth.

FRANK
Mine were bottoms. I hated them. I still have my mouth guard.

BRENDA
You have really nice teeth.

FRANK
And you have a pretty smile.

Brenda tries not to smile, shaking her head and covering her face.

FRANK
I'm serious. I think those braces look really good on you.

Brenda starts to blush as she continues to write her letter.

FRANK
What are you writing?

BRENDA
A letter to Ringo.

FRANK
What does it say?

BRENDA
I can't tell you. I'm embarrassed.

FRANK
Come on. What does it say?

BRENDA
It says I love him. Pretty stupid, right. Ringo Starr is never going to read my letter.

Frank stares at Brenda, starts to smile as she puts her letter in a drawer.

FRANK
Brenda, do you know if they're hiring here at the hospital?

BRENDA
I'm not sure. What do you want to do?

FRANK
I'm a doctor.

73.

104 INT. - JOHN GRANGER'S OFFICE. - HOSPITAL. - DAY. 104

Frank is sitting across from JOHN GRANGER, 60's, the HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR, who is reading over a RESUME.

GRANGER
Harvard Medical School, top of your class, Children's Hospital of Los Angeles, Peace Corps volunteer in North Africa. A pretty impressive resume, Doctor Connors? Why do you want to work here?

FRANK
I came to Atlanta to relax, to get away from my practice for a year. But to be honest, I'm a little bored out at River Bend.

GRANGER
Unfortunately, the only thing I need is an emergency room supervisor for my midnight to eight shift, someone to babysit six interns and thirty nurses. But I doubt you'd ke interested in that.

105 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - RIVER BEND. - NIGHT 105

Twenty people are partying in the living room.

106 INT. - FRANK'S BEDROOM. 106

Frank is lying on his bed making a phony MEDICAL SCHOOL DIPLOMA.. He's using a HARVARD BROCHURE. to guide him as he carefully places the stick on letters on the aged paper. A WOMAN walks into the bedroom.

WOMAN
Are you coming out or not?

FRANK
Tracy, do you know any latin?

NT. - CONFERENCE ROOM. - DAY

Frank is sitting in front of DOCTOR GRANGER and FIVE DOCTORS, all of whom are looking over FRANK'S FILE, which

consists of the fake HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL DIPLOMA -- fake letters of recommendation from CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL OF LOS ANGELES, and a fake CALIFORNIA MEDICAL LICENSE.

DOCTOR GRANGER
Doctor Connors, here is your temporary license, which allows you to practice medicine in the state of Georgia for up to one year. And now let me be the first to say, welcome to Marietta General.

107 EXT. - HOSPITAL. - DAY **107**

Frank is standing in front of the thirty CANDY STRIPERS, NURSES and INTERNS who will be working under him during the night shift. He wears Doctor's whites, holds a clipboard as he takes roll.

FRANK
Brenda Strong?

He smiles at Brenda and covers her mouth as she smiles back.

BRENDA
Here.

FRANK
Doctor Paul Ashland.

DOCTOR ASHLAND
Sir...will you be taking role every night?

FRANK
Yes. And if you're going to be late, I suggest you bring a note.

108 INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. - NIGHT **108**

Frank walks down along hospital corridor holding his clipboard, passing several NURSES in the hall.

NURSE
(flirting)
Good evening, Doctor Connors.

FRANK Button your shirt, Nurse Frances. I can see you bra strap. This is a hospital, not a sorority.

109 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - NIGHT. **109**

ON A BLACK AND WHITE TV, DR. KILDARE approaches a hospital bed.

DR. KILDARE (ON TV)
Any change in the patient, Doctor Marks?

DOCTOR MARKS (ON TV)
Doctor Kildare, I think we should try the shock therapy before it's too late.

Frank sits alone in his apartment eating popcorn and watching DR. KILDARE on TV.

DOCTOR KILDARE (ON TV)
Doctor White, do you concur?

DOCTOR WHITE (ON TV)
Yes. I concur.

110 EXT. - FRANK'S OFFICE. - HOSPITAL. - NIGHT 110

The name on the office door reads FRANK CONNORS M.D.. Frank sits at his desk in front of a brand new IBM ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER. He is making COUNTERFEIT CHECKS for himself as Brenda walks in holding a clipboard.

BRENDA
Doctor Connors, you need to sign these.

Brenda walks in and hands him the clipboard. Frank starts to scribble on the charts the way doctors scribble out prescriptions.

BRENDA
Do you notice anything different about me, Doctor Connors?

Brenda smiles, but doesn't cover her mouth.

FRANK
You got your braces off! Let me see.

Frank moves toward her, stares at her bottom teeth.

BRENDA
I kept trying to show you all night.

FRANK
Did it hurt when they took them off? Mine felt so weird after.

BRENDA
I keep rubbing my tongue over them. I can't stop. It's so slippery.

FRANK
It feels good, doesn't it?

BRENDA
Yes. It feels incredible.

Frank leans toward Brenda, gently starts to kiss her. As the passion increases WE HEAR the HOSPITAL P.A. SYSTEM.

P.A. OPERATOR
Doctor Connors, please come to Emergency. Doctor Connors to Emergency.

Frank continues to kiss Brenda.

BRENDA
Shouldn't you go?

FRANK
There's a staff doctor in the emergency ward.

BRENDA
What if he's in surgery?

FRANK
Do you really think I have to go?

111 INT. - HOSPITAL ELEVATOR. - DAY 111

Frank nervously paces in the elevator, taking deep breaths as he tries to calm down. The elevator doors open, and Frank slowly walks into the EMERGENCY WARD, where Nurses are rushing toward a closed curtain.

EMERGENCY NURSE
In here, Doctor Connors.

Frank walks toward a closed curtain, stands in front of a bed and forces himself to look. He sees a blood splattered sheet and three young INTERNS standing over the leg of an ELEVENYEAR-OLD BOY.

FRANK
Well, what do we have here?

INTERN #1
Bicycle accident. A fracture of the tibia, about five inches below the patella.

Frank stares at the boy's face, trying not to look at the open wound.

FRANK
Doctor Hollis, do you concur?

DOCTOR HOLLIS
Concur with what, Sir?

FRANK
What Doctor Ashland just said.

DOCTOR HOLLIS
(confused)
Well, it was a bicycle accident. The boy told us.

FRANK
So you concur?

DOCTOR HOLLIS
Well, I'm not sure we can...

DOCTOR ASHLAND
I think we should take an X-ray, then stitch him up and put them in a walking cast.

FRANK
Very good, Doctor Ashland. You don't seem to have much need for me. Carry on.

Frank walks out, and Doctor Hollis shakes his head, clearly upset.

DOCTOR HOLLIS
I blew it, didn't I? Why didn't I concur? I panicked!

112 INT. - HOSPITAL MEN'S ROOM. - NIGHT. 112

Frank walks into the MEN'S ROOM, steps into an empty stall and immediately starts to throw up.

113 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - RIVER BEND. - NIGHT 113

Frank is writing a letter at his electric typewriter. He pulls it out and reads it over, then takes out a pen and signs the name RINGO STARR.

114 INT. - HOSPITAL. - NIGHT 114

Brenda is running through the halls holding the letter.

BRENDA
He wrote me back. Ringo wrote me back! Doctor Connors, come quick! I got a letter from Ringo Starr, he signed his name and said I was his biggest fan!

115 INT. - HOSPITAL CAFETERIA. - DAY 115

Frank is sitting across from Brenda in the cafeteria.

BRENDA
I bought you a present.

Brenda hands him wrapped present.

BRENDA
Open it.

Frank quickly opens the box, takes out a TINY GOLD DOCTOR'S CADECUS.

BRENDA
I see all the other doctors wearing them. I figure you left yours back in San Diego. It's gold plated.

Frank slowly takes the Cadecus.

BRENDA
Now when you're walking around the hospital, you'll feel like the real thing.

She pins the Cadecus on his lapel, and Frank can't help but smile.

FRANK
Brenda, I want to go away with you. I'll take you anywhere you want to go.

BRENDA
I haven't really been anywhere.

FRANK
Just name the place, and we can go. Africa, Egypt, it doesn't matter.

BRENDA
Can we go to Liverpool. FRANK Where's Liverpool? BRENDA It's where the Beatles are from in Europe. FRANK Okay. We'll go to Liverpool.

BRENDA
You're joking, right. We're not really going to Liverpool, are we?

FRANK
Brenda, how would you like to be head nurse at the hospital?

BRENDA
But I'm not a nurse. I'm a candy striper.

FRANK
We'll get you a nurses uniform. Nobody will know the difference. I'll make the announcement tomorrow.

BRENDA
They'll laugh at me, Frank, please don't make me the head nurse. Promise me you won't do that, I can't even give a shot.

FRANK
Just think about it, Brenda. You and I could run this hospital one day.

80. EXT. - FRANK SR.'S EASTCHESTER APARTMENT. - DAY

Joe Shaye is eating a slice of pizza as he talks with the LANDLORD of the apartment building.

JOE SHAYE
I just need to go inside and take a quick look around?

LANDLORD
He's at work, so search all you want. But if you find any money in there, it belongs to me.

116 INT. - FRANK SR'S EASTCHESTER APARTMENT. - DAY 116

Joe Shaye is walking through the two bedroom apartment. There's a bed pushed against the wall, stacks of drafting paper, envelopes, and other STATIONERY SUPPLIES lying around the room.

WE SEE a black and white picture of Paula and Frank Sr. sitting on the front of a U.S. ARMY TANK.

Joe takes Frank Sr.'s black briefcase off the shelf and flips it open. He reaches inside and pulls out a stack of POSTCARDS -- all sent by Frank to his father. Joe smiles as he flips over the postcard, stares down at a picture of CLARK GABLE and VIVIAN LEIGH.

117 INT. - PHONE BOOTH. - DAY 117

Joe is inside a phone booth, dropping dimes into the slot and holding the POSTCARD.

JOE SHAYE
He's in Atlanta, Sean! No, I'm not coming back to Washington. I'm going straight to Georgia and I'll meet the team there. Oh, shit, I'm out of dimes. Sean, wait, I'm out of dimes!

118 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - RIVER BEND. - NIGHT. 118

Frank and Brenda are lying in bed together, staring at each other in the ceiling mirrors.

FRANK
It's okay. You don't have to cry.

BRENDA
I'm sorry, I just can't do this.

FRANK
Brenda, it's okay. I don't care about you being a virgin. I can wait.

BRENDA
I want to sleep with you. I really do.

Brenda sits up, starts getting dressed.

BRENDA
I haven't told you the truth. I'm not a virgin. I had an abortion two years ago. My parents found out and kicked me out of the house.

Brenda covers her face with a pillow, starts to cry.

BRENDA
I had an abortion, and they said I wasn't their daughter anymore.

FRANK
It's okay.

BRENDA
Then a few months ago they apologized and said I was their daughter, but I couldn't come home for a while. I'm so sorry, Frank, please don't be mad.

FRANK
Do you want me to talk to your parents? Maybe I could straighten things out.

BRENDA
I ask them all the time, but they won't let me come home yet. My Dad's a lawyer, and he and I have this contract. He calls it a verbal agreement.

FRANK
What if you were engaged to a doctor, would that change anything?

Brenda removes the pillow from her face, stares at Frank.

BRENDA
What?

FRANK
What if I went to your parents, spoke to your father and asked his permission to marry you?

BRENDA
Don't tease me, Frank.

FRANK
I'm not teasing.

BRENDA
You would go home with me to New Orleans?

FRANK
We can leave right now, never come back.

119 INT. - RIVER BEND APARTMENT COMPLEX. - ATLANTA. - NIGHT 119

TEN FBI AGENTS burst through the doors of Frank's apartment. Joe Shaye is out front, leading the men inside with his guns drawn.

FBI AGENT
We're clear. It's empty.

There's a fondue pot in the kitchen, bean bag chairs in the living room. Joel walks over to the wall, stares at the framed HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL DIPLOMA.

120 EXT. - MARIETTA HOSPITAL. - NIGHT 120

TEN POLICE CARS, sirens wailing pull up to the front of the hospital. JOE SHAYE and his men jump out of sedan, sprint into the hospital.

121 INT. - HOSPITAL. - NIGHT 121

Joe Shaye is leading an army of cops down a hallway, holding the Harvard Diploma in his hand. They make their way to the front of a door marked: FRANK CONNORS, M.D..

JOE SHAYE
Okay. Kick it in.

The Agents kick down the door, and Joe Shaye walks into the office, stares at an electric typewriter that is humming on the desk.

122 EXT. - BRENDA'S PARENTS HOUSE. - NEW ORLEANS. - NIGHT 122

A WHITE CADILLAC is parked in the driveway of a large, two story house.

123 INT. - BRENDA'S PARENTS HOUSE. - NIGHT 123

Frank, dressed in a plain white suit, sits at the dinner table with Brenda and her parents, ROBERT and CAROL STRONG. The house is old and warm, the table jammed with food.

ROBERT
Doctor Connors, are you a Lutheran?

FRANK
Yes, Sir. I'm a Lutheran.

CAROL
Have you been to New Orleans before, Doctor?

FRANK
No, Ma'am. This is my first time. And please, call me Frank.

ROBERT
Frank, would you like to say grace?

Frank stares at Brenda and her parents, who bow their heads. He hesitates for a BEAT, and WE SEE that he has no idea how to say grace.

ROBERT
Unless you're not comfortable.

Brenda peeks at Frank, who closes his eyes and bows his head.

FRANK
Two little mice fell in a bucket of cream. The first mouse gave up and drowned, but the second mouse struggled so hard that he churned that cream into butter -- and he walked out. Amen.

They all lift their heads, clearly impressed. Robert turns to Frank and smiles.

CAROL
Amen. That was beautiful.

Frank turns to Brenda, gives her a wink.

124 INT. - BRENDA'S PARENT'S HOUSE. - LIBRARY. - NIGHT 124

Frank stands next to Robert in the library, the two men sipping brandy as they stare at some paintings on the walls.

FRANK
Who is this?

ROBERT
President Johnson.

FRANK
Right. That's very good, Sir.

ROBERT
It's just a hobby. Every Sunday night I go into the garage, pretend I'm an artist. Sometimes I stay in there for hours, hiding from the world, making a fool out of myself.

FRANK
No, Sir. You are an artist.

ROBERT
What about you, Frank? Where do you go when you need to hide?

FRANK
I just find Brenda. And then I don't need to hide.

Robert smiles, hands Frank a cigar.

ROBERT
Have you decided which hospital you want to work at here in New Orleans?

FRANK
To be honest, I've been thinking about getting back into law.

ROBERT
What do you mean? Are you a lawyer or a doctor?

FRANK
Before I went to medical school I passed the bar in California. I practiced law for a year, then decided to try my hand at pediatrics.

ROBERT
A doctor and a lawyer. I'd say Brenda hit the jackpot. Where did you go to law school?

FRANK
Berkeley.

ROBERT
Berkeley. Well, now she's hit the Irish Sweepstakes. Would you be interested in coming to work for an old man who barely made his way through Stanford. My office is desperate for Assistant Prosecutors.

FRANK
You would give me a job?

ROBERT
If you're going to marry Brenda, it's the least I can do.

FRANK
What would I have to do to take the bar here in New Orleans?

125 INT. - STATE BAR EXAMINERS OFFICE. - NEW ORLEANS. - DAY 125

CLOSE ON

BERKELEY TRANSCRIPTS, complete with Berkeley logo and stationery. Frank hands the documents to a woman sitting behind a desk, who hands him the LOUISIANA BAR EXAM.

BAR EXAMINER
Good luck, Mister Connors.

126 INT. - AIR FRANCE PLANE. - DAY 126

SUPER: OCTOBER 12, 1967. AIR FRANCE FLIGHT 676.

Joe Shaye is sitting next to a handcuffed Frank at the back of the plane. Amdursky and Fox are sitting across from them.

JOE SHAYE
Look at that. They show movies on planes now. What's next?

Frank and Joe stare at a small MOVIE SCREEN thirty rows in front of them.

FRANK
Are you gonna eat that eclair?

JOE SHAYE
Yeah. I'm gonna eat it later.

FRANK
Do you want to split it?

JOE SHAYE
No.

Joe moves his eclair away from Frank.

JOE SHAYE
You know what I could never figure out, Frank? How you cheated on the bar exam in Louisiana.

FRANK
What's the difference?

JOE SHAYE
Did you have somebody else take the test for you?

FRANK
I'm going to prison for a long time, Joe. What's the difference?

JOE SHAYE
You're right. It's a simple question. I'll figure it out eventually.

FRANK
You'll never figure it out.

127 INT. - LOUISIANA DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. - DAY 127

Frank wears a new TAN SUIT and holds a TAN BRIEFCASE as he walks through the busy law office with Brenda's father.

ROBERT
You'll be working under Philip Rigby in corporate law, handling small claims made against the state, trespassed-to-try-title suits, most of it won't get past a pre-trial motion.

Frank looks down at his desk, picks up the nameplate which reads: FRANK CONNORS, ASSISTANT PROSECUTOR.

ROBERT
Why don't you settle in, organize your desk. We're having lunch with the District Attorney and Governor Davey at twelvethirty.

128 INT. - BRENDA'S PARENTS HOUSE. - NIGHT 128

Frank, Brenda, Robert and Carol are eating popcorn and watching an episode of PERRY MASON on a black and white TV.

RAYMOND BURR (ON TV)
But if you were at your office on the day of the murder, Mr. Darius, then how could you know your wife had left the gate open? Your honor, ladies and gentleman of the jury, this is irrefutable evidence that the defendant is lying!

129 INT. - NEW ORLEANS COURTROOM. - DAY 129

Frank stands in a small, empty courtroom, presenting a case before a JUDGE AT A PRE-TRIAL HEARING.

FRANK
I have four letters in my hand that were sent to the defendant's apartment, each one warning him that his building was to be sprayed with insecticide, and that he should cover his belongings. Your Honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, this is irrefutable evidence that the defendant is lying!

JUDGE
Mister Connors, this is a preliminary hearing. There's no defendant, no jury, it's just me. What the hell is wrong with you?

130 EXT. - COURTROOM. - DAY 130

Frank walks out of the courtroom, where Robert is waiting for him.

ROBERT
Well?

Frank starts to smile.

FRANK
Case dismissed!

Frank shakes Robert's hand, and Robert pulls him close and gives him a hug.

131 EXT. - NEW ORLEANS GARDEN DISTRICT. - DAY 131

Frank is covering Brenda's eyes with his hands as he slowly walks her toward the front door of a LARGE HOUSE.

FRANK
Okay. Reach your hand out and feel that. What do you think it is?

Brenda reaches out and touches a DOORKNOB.

BRENDA
What is it, Frank?

FRANK
It's our front door. I made an offer today.

Frank removes his hands and Brenda looks up at the giant six-bedroom house that sits on a cul-de-sac.

FRANK
What do you think?

BRENDA
Oh, God. Oh, my God...

Brenda screams as she throws herself at Frank.

BRENDA
It's so big. Are you sure we can afford it?

FRANK We're gonna have it all, Brenda.

BRENDA
But where will we get the money for a house like this?

FRANK
The same place everyone gets it. The bank.

132 INT. - FRANK'S CADILLAC. -- NIGHT. 132

Frank is parked in front of the airport. He turns to Brenda and gives her a kiss.

BRENDA
Why do you have to go?

FRANK
I agreed to speak at this medical conference six months ago. Your father understands.

Frank grabs his briefcase and gets out of the car.

BRENDA
Why can't I go with you?

FRANK
Next time. I promise.

133 INT. - AIRPORT. - DAY 133

Frank walks into the airport, immediately goes to the MEN'S ROOM.

134 INT. - AIRPORT MEN'S ROOM. - DAY 134

Frank opens his briefcase, pulls out his PILOT'S UNIFORM.

135 INT. - PRINTING SUPPLY SHOP. - NEW JERSEY. - DAY 135

Frank wears a black suit with a PAN AM pin on the lapel. He stands with the OWNER of the PRINT SHOP.

FRANK
As I stated on the phone, Pan Am has been unhappy for some time about the quality of their expense checks. We're looking for a new firm to handle the printing.

PRINT SHOP OWNER
How large would the order be?

FRANK
About twenty thousand checks a year.

PRINT SHOP OWNER
Oh, God, I want that account. What do I have to do to get it?

FRANK
For starters, why don't you show me how you make your checks.

136 INT. - NEW YORK OFFICE BUILDING. - DAY 136

TWO DELIVERY MEN are carrying an I-TEK camera into a small office, where Frank is setting up a large PASTE-UP BOARD.

FRANK
Just put it anywhere.

They set the camera down, AND WE SLOWLY PULL BACK, see that Frank has turned this office into his own print shop.

DELIVERY MAN
This stuff is heavy. What kind of business you in?

FRANK
I make checks for Pan Am.

Frank motions out the window, where WE SEE THE PAN AM BUILDING directly across the street.

137 INT. - FRANK'S NEW YORK OFFICE. - LATE 137

Frank is working at the paste-up board, making a 16-by-24 inch copy of a PAN AM EXPENSE CHECK.

WE WATCH AS he takes the check and places it directly under the lens of the I-TEK CAMERA.

The PLATE ENGRAVING is fitted around the drum of a small printing press.

CLOSE ON

A PAPER CUTTER SLICING. the edges off a newly printed PAN AM EXPENSE CHECK.

138 INT. - FBI BUILDING. - WASHINGTON D.C. 138

SUPER: JANUARY, 1966

A large, smoked filled conference room, the drapes closed to block the afternoon sun. JOE SHAYE holds one of Frank's new checks as he stands before FBI DIRECTOR MARSH, who sits at the head of a long table. Deputy Director Deevers handles the introductions.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
Sir, I've called this briefing to update you on the Frank Abagnale situation.

DIRECTOR MARSH
Who?

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
The Skywayman. Agent Shaye from bank fraud has been the point man on this case, and I'll let him fill you in.

Joe walks to the front of the room, stands in front of a SLIDE PROJECTOR.

JOE SHAYE
Director Marsh, Frank Abagnale is no longer forging checks. He's moved on to counterfeiting, making his own Pan Am expense checks from scratch. Next slide.

The slide changes.

JOE SHAYE
The amounts have increased to almost
(MORE)

JOE SHAYE (CONT'D)
one thousand dollars per check and this quality, as you can see, is virtually flawless.

DIRECTOR MARSH
How much has he stolen so far?

JOE SHAYE
Our latest estimate is about three and a half million dollars. He is now the most successful bank robber in the history of the United States.

IRECTOR MARSH is holding one of Frank's checks, running his hands along the printed blue and white surface.

DIRECTOR MARSH
And how close are you to getting him?

JOE SHAYE
Sir, with your help I feel an arrest could come at any time. We believe he could be in New Orleans.

DIRECTOR MARSH
I'll give you thirty more agents and I'll bump him up to the ten most wanted list.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
Sir, he's only seventeen-years-old. We've never put a child on the ten most wanted list before. What are we gonna tell the President?

DIRECTOR MARSH
The President keeps his money in a bank. We'll tell him he's fair game like the rest of us.

139 INT. - VILLAGE INN BAR. - AFTERNOON 139

Frank walks into the bar wearing a black suit. He sees his father sitting in the corner wearing a POSTAL UNIFORM and drinking a beer. The place is is filled with the afternoon regulars, all watching TV. Frank walks up to his Dad and sets a DIME in front of him.

FRANK
How about a little music, Dad?

Frank Sr. reaches out, takes the dime.

FRANK SR.
Sit down, Frank. I'm so glad to see you.

FRANK
Dad...why are you dressed like that?

FRANK SR.
I took a job. A government job. You see what I'm doing? Do you have a good lawyer?

FRANK
Dad, I am a lawyer.

FRANK SR.
Look at this letter.
(handing Frank a letter)
They kicked me out. They took away my membership at the Rotary Club. They accused me of terrible things, made up a list of lies just to keep me out. I'm gonna sue them, a lifetime membership is what I have. I have the plaque, the letters of congratulations.

FRANK
Has Mom seen you dressed like that?

FRANK SR.
Your mother doesn't know what she wants.

FRANK
We'll go out together and get you a suit. A new black suit. One of those Manhattan Eagle three button black pearls.

FRANK SR.
Those are nice. We'll have a drink first.

FRANK
Dad, I'm getting married in two weeks. I'm buying a sixty thousand dollar house, a new Cadillac, I'm getting it all back, everything they took from us. I want you and Mom to come to the wedding together.

FRANK SR.
Your mother won't come.

FRANK
You have to ask her. You have to fight for her. Promise me you won't let her see you dressed like this.

FRANK SR. She won't come, because she just had a baby.

Frank stares at his father for a long BEAT.

FRANK SR. A little girl. She had a little girl.

140 INT. - MIDWAY AIRLINES COCKPIT. - NIGHT 140

Frank is clearly upset as he sits in the jump-seat, lost in thought. The PILOT gets out of his seat, turns back to Frank.

PILOT
We're leveled off. You mind taking her for a minute, I need to use the bathroom.

Frank stares at the empty seat as the Pilot moves past him.

FRANK
Wait. What are you doing?

PILOT
I need five minutes. I'd do it for you.

The Pilot walks out of the cockpit, and Frank turns to the COPILOT.

FRANK
He left.

CO-PILOT
He's got an ulcer.

Frank gets out of the JUMP-SEAT, walks over, and sits in the PILOT'S SEAT. He looks at the instruments, the WHEEL moving on its own in front of him.

FRANK
Auto-pilot, right?

CO-PILOT
I can shut it off if you want to take her for a spin.

Frank stares out the front window of the cockpit -- the blackness in front of him -- his hands starting to shake as he slowly reaches up and puts his hands on the wheel --

FRANK
Okay. Shut it off.

The Auto-Pilot flips the switch, and Frank holds on for dear life as he flies the plane into the darkness.

141 INT. - JOE SHAYE'S OFFICE. - NIGHT 141

Joe is sleeping in the chair in his office. The phone rings, and he quickly answers.

JOE SHAYE (ON PHONE)
This is Shaye.

FRANK
Hello, Joe. Merry Christmas.

Joe grabs a pad and pencil.

JOE SHAYE
I thought you might call. Where are you? FRANK I don't know, exactly. An airport somewhere. JOE SHAYE What do you want, Doctor Connors?

FRANK
Joe, I haven't been Doctor Connors for months now.

JOE SHAYE
Fuck you. I'm sitting here in my office on Christmas Eve, so just tell me what you want.

FRANK
It's over. I want it to be over now. I'm getting married. I'm settling down.

JOE SHAYE
You've stolen four million dollars. You think we're just gonna call it a wedding present? This isn't something you get to walk away from, Frank.

FRANK
I want to call a truce.

JOE SHAYE
There is no truce. You will be caught, and you will go to prison. Where did you think this was going?

FRANK
Please, leave me alone, Joe. I don't
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
want to do it anymore. Don't make me do it anymore.

JOE SHAYE
I'm close aren't I? You're scared because I'm getting close. How close am I?

FRANK
Will you stop chasing me?

JOE SHAYE
I can't stop. This is my job.

FRANK
It's okay, Joe. I just thought I'd ask.

142 INT. - NEW ORLEANS BALLROOM. - FRENCH QUARTER. - NIGHT 142
MARDI GRAS IS IN FULL SWING.

A crush of people walking down BOURBON STREET. Joe Shaye is pushing through the crowd of people, Amdursky and Fox next to him as he makes his way into the crowd.

Joe motions behind him, where TWENTY AGENTS quickly split up and start walking through the Quarter.

CLOSE ON FRANK

Standing on a HOTEL BALCONY above Bourbon Street, wearing a MASK and watching the FBI agents as they move through the French Quarter.

JOE SHAYE turns and looks up at the balcony, staring right at Frank for a beat before he continues through the chaos.

143 INT. - HOTEL BALLROOM. - DAY 143

An ENGAGEMENT PARTY is going on -- A HUNDRED PEOPLE IN ELABORATE COSTUMES AND GOWNS. Brenda, dressed in a mask and corset, is standing with some girlfriends -- showing them her engagement ring.

Frank takes off his mask, and WE SEE the fear in his eyes as he walks over to Brenda.

FRANK
Come with me.

144 INT. - COAT ROOM. - NEW ORLEANS HOTEL BALLROOM. - DAY 144

Frank pulls Brenda into the COAT ROOM. They are surrounded by fur coats, expensive black overcoats, a row of black hats. Brenda kisses him.

BRENDA
Frank, can you believe this party is for us?

FRANK
We have to leave, Brenda. You love me, right? I mean, you would love me no matter what?

BRENDA
Of course.

FRANK
If I was poor, or sick, or if I hada different name.

BRENDA
A different name?

FRANK
A name means nothing, right? My name is Frank Connors. That's who I am with you. We all have secrets. Sometimes when I travel, I use the name Frank Williams. That's my secret.

BRENDA
Frank Williams?

FRANK
It means nothing -- Frank Williams. Frank Black -- When I'm with you, I'm Frank Connors -- that's all that matters.

BRENDA
Why are you saying this?

FRANK
Brenda, I don't want to lie anymore. I'm not a doctor. I never went to medical school.

Brenda smiles, thinks he's joking.

FRANK
And I'm not a lawyer or a Harvard graduate or a Lutheran. I ran away from home a year and a half ago when I was sixteen.

BRENDA
Stop teasing me, Frank. You're Frank Connors, right? You're Frank Connors and you're 28-years-old. Why would you lie to me?

Brenda turns to Frank, trying not to get upset.

BRENDA
Frank, what's your name? I want you to tell me your name.

FRANK
We'll go to Liverpool. We can live there, Brenda, you and I can live wherever we want. I have money, enough for the rest of our lives. But you're gonna have to trust me. Do you trust me? Do you love me?

BRENDA
I love you.

FRANK
No matter what. Even if we have to live in Liverpool, or I have a different name -- you'll still love me?

BRENDA
(upset)
I love you, Frank. I love you.

FRANK
But we'll never tell anyone the truth. You can't tell you parents.

BRENDA
No. We won't tell anyone. And we'll go away. I don't care if I ever see my parents again. I just want to be with you.

FRANK
We'll leave this afternoon.

BRENDA
But the wedding is next month. It's all planned. We can leave right after the reception, just like a honeymoon.

FRANK
No, we have to leave today. I'll pick you up at your parents house in two hours.

BRENDA
Two hours?

FRANK
We'll get married in Liverpool. Would you like that?

BRENDA
Yes. I love you, Frank. But please, before we go -- tell me your name.

145 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - NEW ORLEANS. - NIGHT 145

Frank is packing a suitcase with HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. He is trying to get the suitcase to close, sitting on top of it -- the money spilling out the sides.

146 INT. - FRANK'S CADILLAC. -- NIGHT 146

A heavy rain is falling as Frank drives towards Brenda's parents' house. As he turns onto their street, HE SEES FIVE PATROL CARS parked in front of the house. Neighbors have lined the street and TWO STATE TROOPERS are guarding the front of the house with SHOTGUNS.

FRANK stops the car, stares in stunned disbelief at the police in front of the house.

Sirens are wailing in the distance as Frank puts his head on the steering wheel and closes his eyes.

147 INT. - BRENDA'S PARENTS HOUSE. - NIGHT. 147

Robert and Carol are sitting in the living room with Brenda, holding her in their arms as two POLICE OFFICERS stand across from them. Brenda is crying, holding her cat as Jo Shea kneels in front of her.

JOE SHAYE
Hello, Brenda. My name is Joe Shaye, and I'm with the FBI.

Brenda keeps her face buried in her father's shirt.

JOE SHAYE
That's a pretty cat. What's his name?

BRENDA
Ringo.

JOE SHAYE
I know this is all a bit scary, but I need you to tell me where Frank is going. A lot of people are looking for him out there, and the last thing we want is for Frank to get hurt. And I swear to you, Brenda, if you tell me where he's going -- I'll keep him safe.

BRENDA
You promise?

JOE SHAYE
Yes. I promise. Just tell me where he's going.

BRENDA
Liverpool.

148 INT. - AIRPORT. - NIGHT 148

Frank is walking through an airport. He rushes over to a TWA TICKET COUNTER that is closing down for the night.

FRANK
Are there any more flights tonight?

TICKET AGENT
I'm sorry, sir. There's nothing until morning. This airport shuts down at eleven.

149 INT. - FBI OFFICES. - MIAMI. - DAY 149

Joe Shaye stands in front of TWENTY FBI AGENTS, pacing.

JOE SHAYE
We have to stop him before he leaves the country. I want everyone we have inside Miami International. He's used that airport before, he knows the layout. One way or another, he'll end up there.

FOX
He doesn't have a passport, Joe.

JOE SHAYE
In the last six months he's gone to Harvard and Berkeley -- I'm betting he can get a passport.

AMDURSKY
I already talked to the Miami police, they've offered fifty uniformed cops in two shifts of twenty-five.

FOX
Joe, with our guys that's almost a hundred men in one airport. Don't you think we should spread it around.

JOE SHAYE
No. Miami is the exit point. Now all we have to do is catch him.

150 EXT. - HALL OF RECORDS. - MIAMI. - DAY **150**

Frank walks into the HALL OF RECORDS in Miami.

FRANK
Excuse me. Where do you keep the death records?

151 INT. - STATE DEATH RECORDS ARCHIVE ROOM. - DAY **151**

Frank is looking through a thick book. All of the entries are for 1938, and Frank is quickly scanning pages. He stops when he sees the following entry.

FRANK TAYLOR, BORN DEC. 3, 1938, DIED DEC. 8 1938.
AGE -- FIVE DAYS. MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME - PENNER.

152 INT. - BIRTH CERTIFICATE OFFICES. - CITY HALL. **152**

Frank walks up to a window at MIAMI CITY HALL and smiles at the WOMAN behind the counter.

FRANK
Hello. I'd like to get a copy of my birth certificate, please.

WOMAN
I'll need your name, date of birth, mother's maiden name and the county and hospital you were born in.

FRANK
The name is Frank Taylor. I was born December 3, 1938, in Tampa.

153 INT. - PASSPORT OFFICE. - FEDERAL BUILDING. - MIAMI. **153**

Frank walks up to the window at the passport office.

FRANK
I'd like to get a passport, please.

PASSPORT EMPLOYEE
Have you ever had a passport before?

FRANK
Never.

PASSPORT EMPLOYEE
I'll need a copy of your birth certificate.

FRANK
I brought it with me.

Frank takes the birth certificate out of his pocket and sets it on the counter.

FRANK
Will this take long. I'm trying to catch a flight.

154 INT. - FONTANIEBLEAU HOTEL. - MIAMI. - DAY 154

A NEW PASSPORT

sits on a desk in the plush, PENTHOUSE SUITE of the FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL. Frank stands at the window looking out at a perfect Miami sunset as he talks on the phone.

FRANK (ON PHONE)
This is Frank Taylor, and I'm letting all the universities in the area know that Pan Am will be initiating a new recruiting program this year. I'll be stopping by your campus tomorrow morning.

155 EXT. - UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI. - DAY 155

Frank wears his pilots uniform and carries a black briefcase as he walks past a group of students who are protesting the war.

156 INT. - GYMNASIUM. - UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI. - DAY 156

Three hundred students, ALL FEMALE, sit on the bleachers of a gymnasium staring up at MR. HENDRICKS, the DIRECTOR OF STUDENT PLACEMENT.

MR. HENDRICKS
Ladies, quiet down, please. As you all know, Pan Am has sent a pilot here to interview prospective stewardesses for a new Summer internship program. This is Captain Taylor, and he'll be talking to you today.

Frank stands in front of the girls, who suddenly get very quiet.

FRANK
Thank you all for coming. At the end of the day, I'll be picking eight young ladies to be part of Pan Am's first "future stewardess" flight crew program. These eight girls will accompany me on a two-month public relations tour of Europe this summer, where they will learn firsthand what it takes to be a Pan Am stewardess.

157 EXT. - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. - DAY 157

WE SEE FBI AGENTS, UNIFORM COPS, UNDERCOVER COPS and local detectives all taking their positions in and around the airport. It looks like they're preparing for war, and Joe Shea is in the middle of it all.

158 INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM. - UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI. - DAY 158

Frank sits behind a desk holding a notebook as he INTERVIEWS a YOUNG FEMALE STUDENT.

FRANK
Judy, what does the word "abroad" mean to you?

JUDY
When I hear the word abroad, I think of crossing the ocean and traveling to distant lands.

FRANK
Thank you.

159 INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM. - LATE 159

Frank has drawn a picture of an AIRPLANE ON A CHALKBOARD. He is pointing to various sections of the plane.

FRANK
And what's this, Monica?

MONICA
The wing.

FRANK
Very good. And this?

MONICA
The tail.

FRANK
Excellent.

160 INT. - GYMNASIUM. - DAY 160

This is the moment of truth. All the girls are standing and Frank is reading from a list.

FRANK
Debra Joe McMillan.

DEBRA JO comes screaming out from the sea of girls, hugging friends, and crying as if she had just won the Ms. America Pageant.

FRANK
Heather Shack.

HEATHER SHACK screams and rushes into Debra Jo's arms, the two girls screaming as Frank continues to announce the winners.

161 EXT. - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. - DAY 161

Miami Police Officers are spread out in front of the airport, looking bored as they drink coffee and pace back and forth.

A STATION WAGON pulls up to the front of the airport, and TWO COPS WATCH as EIGHT BEAUTIFUL COLLEGE GIRLS walk out, all dressed as flight attendants, all holding luggage.

The cops never even glance at Frank, who stands in the middle of the girls as they walk into the airport.

162 INT. - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. - DAY 162

Frank walks through the packed terminal surrounded by the EIGHT GIRLS, all walking in stride, their hair and make-up perfect, every man in the airport turning to stare.

Frank and the girls walk past TWO FBI AGENTS, who can't help but smile at the girls -- who in turn smile back.

FBI AGENT
Did you see that blonde in front?

FBI AGENT
I should've been a pilot.

Joe Shaye is sitting in a COFFEE SHOP that looks down over the entire INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL. HE HEARS an announcement over the airport P.A. system.

P.A. OPERATOR (V.O.)
Will Mr. Joe Shaye pick up a white courtesy phone. Mr. Joe Shaye, please pick up a white coursety phone.

In the distance, JOE watches as the eight girls walk toward him. He hesitates for a BEAT, then walks to the back of the restaurant and finds a WHITE PHONE.

JOE SHAYE
This is Shaye.

AMDURSKY
Joe, your walkie-talkie wasn't working. There's a guy in a Pan Am uniform sitting in a white Cadillac in front of Terminal J.

JOE SHAYE
That's the charter terminal. Can you see his face?

AMDURSKY
He's got his Pilot's cap on. I think it's him!

163 INT. - AIRPORT. - DAY 163

Joe Shaye is running through the airport, sprinting past Frank and the college girls as he makes his way outside.

164 EXT. - WHITE CADILLAC. - DAY 164

FORTY FBI AGENTS and MIAMI POLICE OFFICERS slowly approach the white Cadillac. Joe Shaye has his gun drawn.

JOE SHAYE
Frank, get out of the car! Put your hands on the hood! There's no place to run, so just make it easy on yourself!

The car door opens, and a 20-YEAR-OLD kid gets out of the car, his hands shaking as he stares at Joe -- the pilot's cap falling off his head.

KID
Don't shoot me! I'm just a driver! A man paid me a hundred dollars to wear this uniform and pick someone up at the airport!

JOE SHAYE
Who are you picking up?

KID
Joe Shaye.

Joe lowers his gun, immediately turns back toward the airport, watches as a BRITISH AIRWAYS JET takes off and flies overhead, banking left and sailing out over the ocean.

165 INT. - JOE SHAYE'S OFFICE. - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY 165

Snow is falling outside Joe's office window, which overlooks a parking lot. Joe sits at his desk staring down at some COUNTERFEIT CHECKS. A SECRETARY WALKS in and hands him an envelope.

SECRETARY This just came for you, Sir. Who do you know in Liverpool?

Joe takes the envelope and slowly opens it. He pulis out a stack of BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS, all of which show

the EIGHT COLLEGE GIRLS in various locations. There are shots of them on the SPANISH STEPS IN ROME, at the EIFFEL TOWER, in front of BUCKINGHAM PALACE, and in front of SCOTLAND YARD.

A POSTCARD OF THE MONA LISA is inside the envelope, with the words "WISH YOU WERE HERE" written across the back.

166 EXT. - MONTPELIER FRANCE. - DAY 166

The vineyards of Montpelier stretch across the Bas Languedoc valley, where tourists drive through on their way to the Mediterranean. Frank is eating an ice cream as he walks down the main street, the shops and restaurants open and busy for the summer. Frank stops a DELIVERY BOY on a bicycle.

FRANK
Excuse me. Do you know where the Lavalier family lives?

167 EXT. - LAVALIER HOME. - DAY 167

Frank is knocking on the door of the main house of a small vineyard. MONIQUE LAVALIER, 30's, answers the front door holding a baby.

FRANK
Hello. Do you speak English?

Monique nods.

FRANK
My name is Frank. My mother is Paula Lavalier. I was hoping to find my family.

Monique takes Frank by the hand, starts to smile.

MONIQUE
I am Monique, your aunt.

Monique hugs him, kisses his cheeks.

MONIQUE
(in French)
Pappa! Paula's boy is here!

168 INT. - LAVALIER HOME. - DINNER TABLE. - LATE 168

The entire family is sitting around the dinner table, staring at Frank as he takes a sip of wine.

FRANK It's very good wine.

The family starts to laugh at him.

FRANK
What?

108.

MARCEL The wine here is shit. This valley only grows shit wine. It is used for stretching.

FRANK What's stretching?

MONIQUE They send our wine by truck to the famous vineyards of Bordeaux and Burgundy, and they mix it with the good wine to trick the people.

PAPPA LAVAILER The Americans think they are drinking only the best. But they are really drinking the shit from Montpelier!

Everyone laughs hysterically, and Frank joins in, the family laughing together as they eat Sunday dinner.

169 INT. - LAVALIER HOME. - NIGHT. 169

Frank is sitting in the living room staring at a full album. He sees the old picture of his mother and father spitting on the American tank.

MONIQUE
Here. Your mother sent me this to me a few months ago.

Monique hands Frank a color photograph. Frank looks at the picture, sees Paula standing with Jack White holding a BABY in her arms.

MONIQUE
You look like your new sister.

Frank stares at the picture, then hands the picture back to Monique.

FRANK
Everyone says that.

170 INT. - UNIVERSITY OF MONTPELIER. - DAY 170

Frank walks into a large classroom filled with COLLEGE FRESHMAN. He turns and writes his name on the blackboard: MR. WAGNER.

FRANK
My name is Frank Wagner, and I'll be teaching the Summer session of American History, the same course I taught at Yale last year. Why don't you all open your books to chapter one, read quietly to yourselves.

171 INT. - LAVALIER HOUSE. - NIGHT 171

The family is eating dinner together, and Frank looks surprised as Pappa Lavalier brings a birthday cake out from the kitchen. As everyone starts to sing...

FRANK (V.O.)
Dear Dad. I'm retired now, living a quiet life in a small village in France. I hope you are doing well, and you're not mad at me for running away.

Frank blows out the candles on the cake.

FRANK (V.O.)
Yesterday was my 19th birthday, and when I blew up the candles, I wished that we could all be together, the three of us living in our old house in New Rochelle.

172 EXT. - LAVALIER HOUSE. - DAY 172

Frank is working in the garden, surrounded by roses. Monique walks out of the house.

MONIQUE
I have to pick Pappa up, his car is dead. Come with me, Frank, you can see where he works?

173 EXT. - WAREHOUSE. - OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN. - DAY 173

Frank and Monique pull up to the front of a large warehouse.

FRANK
What is this place?

MONIQUE
The family business.

FRANK
I thought the family business was wine?

MONIQUE
No. Paper.

174 INT. - PRINT SHOP. - DAY 174

CLOSE ON A PROFESSIONAL PRINTING PRESS, 90 FEET LONG, TEN FEET WIDE.

The giant machine fills the warehouse. SIX MEN work in the massive press room, the deafening THUMP of the machine

shaking the walls as it struggles to spit out 10 COLOR PAGES a minute. WE SEE samples of their work lining the walls -- FRENCH NEWSPAPERS, COLOR POSTERS, ADVERTISEMENTS.

CLOSE ON FRANK

staring up at the giant PRINTING PRESS, his body limp, his face cold. Pappa Lavalier, shiftless and smoking, walks toward

him with a big smile.

PAPPA
What do you think?

FRANK
I've read books about these machines. But I've never seen one.

PAPPA
You want me to show you how it works?

FRANK
Yes.

PAPPA
For color printing, you set the back gears, then put the plates in up-side-down. Pour the ink in last, never when it's cold. Then we roll the cylinder brakes until they catch...

CLOSE ON FRANK

Lost in his own world, his mind racing as he stares at every part of the machine -- his eyes cold with excitement and dread.

175 INT. - PRINTING ROOM. - NIGHT 175

The PRINTING PRESS is thumping and grinding, the lights low, the press room empty except for Frank, who stands at one end of the machine, his shirt off, working like a man obsessed as he operates the massive press by himself -- THOUSANDS OF PERFECT BLUE AND WHITE PAN AM CHECKS SLIDING OFF THE PAPER ROLLS AND DROPPING TO THE FLOOR.

176 INT. - LAVALIER HOUSE. - MONTPELIER. - NIGHT 176

Frank reaches into the back of the closet and pulls out his PILOT'S UNIFORM. As he slips on the jacket, Monique walks in and turns on the light. She sees his suitcase on the bed.

MONIQUE
Frank, where are you going?

Frank turns around, the Pilot's Cap in his hands.

FRANK
I don't know.

177 INT. - FBI OFFICE. - WASHINGTON. 177

Joe Shaye is sitting in his office trying to use an electric pencil sharpener, which is broken. As Joe pulls out a half-eaten pencil, Fox and Amdursky walk in holding an envelope, big smiles on their faces.

AMDURSKY
Joe...he cashed a check in Madrid.

178 INT. - FBI OFFICES. - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY 178

Joe, Wilkes, Amdursky and Fox are facing Director Marsh, a stack of checks on the desk in front of him.

JOE SHAYE
Singapore. A South America. Egypt. He's also hit almost every major bank in Europe.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
How many checks?

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
Thousands.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
Why wasn't I called?

JOE SHAYE
Nobody was called, Sir. The banks didn't know what was happening until last week. We think he's been on the run for five months.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
That's impossible. Pan Am would have called us.

JOE SHAYE
They didn't call because he's not forging -and he's not counterfeiting. It's something else.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
What's he doing?

JOE SHAYE
He's making real checks, Sir. These are so perfect, Pan Am cashed them all.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
Where is he?

JOE SHAYE
The last check was cashed in Paris a week ago. He'll stay there another week before he moves on. We have to go now, Sir, today.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
Go where?

JOE SHAYE
Paris.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
I'm sorry, Joe. If we couldn't catch him here, we're not gonna catch him there.

179 INT. - JOE SHAYE'S OFFICE. - NIGHT 179

Joe paces in his office, holding the phone and talking much too loud, his voice echoing through the hallways.

JOE SHAYE
English. Do you speak English? I'm an American FBI Agent. Hello? Shit!

Joe slams down the phone, walks out of his office.

JOE SHAYE Does anyone here speak French. I need someone who speaks French!

180 INT. - FBI CONFERENCE ROOM. - DAY 180

Amdursky and Fox walk into the conference room with OLIVER, a heavy set man who looks terrified as they sit him down next to Joe.

AMDURSKY
Joe, this is Oliver Luc, and he speaks perfect French.

JOE SHAYE
Agent Luc, I need you to translate for me.

FOX
He's not an agent, Joe. He's a waiter at the restaurant around the corner.

181 INT. - FRENCH POLICE STATION. - DAY 181

POLICE DETECTIVE JULIEN, 40's, sits at his desk doing a crossword puzzle in the middle of a busy French police station. His phone rings and he answers.

DETECTIVE JULIEN
Julien.

182 INT. - JOE SHAYE'S OFFICE. - DAY 182

Oliver is on the phone, nervously sitting behind Joe's desk.

JOE SHAYE
Who answered the phone? What's his name.

OLIVER
His name is Detective Julien. He works in the vice squad in Paris.

JOE SHAYE
That's fine. Tell him I have a proposition for him. Tell him the FBI has a proposition for him.

Oliver translates as Joe paces in front of him.

OLIVER
Okay. What's the proposition?

JOE SHAYE
Ask him if he'd like to catch the greatest bank robber the world has ever known.

CLOSE ON

DETECTIVE JULIEN sitting at his desk, his expression suddenly changing as he glances around the station. He quickly puts the crossword puzzle away and whispers into the phone.

DETECTIVE JULIEN
Abagnale.

183 EXT. - PARIS. - DAY 183

Frank steps out of the lobby doors or a hotel, walks toward a waiting limousine. A DRIVER opens the door for him -- a YOUNG KID that wears a black suit and hat.

LIMO DRIVER
Where to, Mister Wagner?

FRANK
Let's go for a drive. I need some supplies.

The limo drives off.

JOE SHAYE (V.O.)
When he gets to a new city he starts out slow, hitting the banks on the outskirts of town. At first, it's small checks and small banks that post little or no threat.

WE HEAR OLIVER'S TRANSLATION behind Joe's voice.

JOE SHAYE (V.O.)
Then he starts moving in, circling the city like a mother hawk, picking off every little bank he can find -- slowly inching his way toward the center of the city.

184 INT. - STATIONARY STORE. - PARIS. - DAY 184

Frank stands at the counter of a stationery store, looking into a glass case filled with expensive pens.

FRANK
How much is that Waldmann?

Through the window of the stationery store, Frank is watching a BANK.

JOE SHAYE (V.O.)
There's always one bank that's bigger and richer than all the others. This is what he came for, and he'll watch it for days. He'll know if they add a security guard, or bring in a new teller. And if he sees anything out of place, a new cleaning man, a window shade that's up instead of down, he'll move on to the next one. That's the luxury of having the entire world as your mark.

CLOSE ON

DETECTIVE JULIEN -- standing in the middle of Paris, looking down an endless row of massive banks.

JOE SHAYE (V.O.)
He'll make his move right before lunch, where everyone's mind is on food and the lines are short. And he
(MORE)

JOE SHAYE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
likes to stand out -- draw attention to himself.

185 EXT. - BANK OF PARIS. - DAY 185

A massive bank in the middle of the city. WE SEE Frank Slimo pulling up to the curb. And Frank waiting for the driver to open the door before he gets out.

JOE SHAYE (V.O.)
The more people see him, the more invisible he becomes.

186 INT. - BANK OF PARIS. - DAY 186

Frank walks into the bank, takes out a leather case and opens it, revealing a checkbook. He takes his Waldmann pen from his pocket, smiles at a female TELLER.

FRANK
Hello. I need to cash this. My wife and I are going to Norway this afternoon.

Frank turns the check over and endorses it. He hands the check to the teller, but she doesn't take it.

FRANK
Is there something wrong?

The bank teller is shaking and staring at Frank. He slowly turns around, sees DETECTIVE JULIEN standing behind him with his gun drawn.

187 INT. - FBI CONFERENCE ROOM. - NIGHT 187

Joe, Amdursky, and Fox are all half asleep, waiting in the FBI CONFERENCE ROOM. The clock on the wall reads 3 a.m. -- and the phone finally rings.

Before he even picks it up, Joe Shaye starts to smile.

188 INT. - FRENCH COURTROOM. - DAY 188

A packed courtroom. Frank's hands and legs are shackled. He stands before a JUDGE who is reading his sentence.

FRENCH JUDGE
(in French)
Frank William Abagnale Jr., I sentence you to two years in Papigone prison.

189 EXT. - PAPIGOE PRISION. - PARIS. - DAY 189

SUPER: PARIS, FRANCE APRIL 25, 1967

Joe Shaye is walking out of the prison with Frank, who is handcuffed and shackled. And Dursky and Fox meet them at the gate.

190 INT. - AIRPLANE. - DAY **190**

Frank and Joe Shaye are sitting next to each other in the back of the plane. Through the window Frank can see the skyline of Manhattan. Amdursky and Fox are smoking in the aisle.

FRANK
Joe, you have to let me call my father when we land. I want to talk to him before he sees me on television.

JOE SHAYE
Your father is dead, Frank. I'm sorry.

Frank turns to Joe.

JOE SHAYE
He committed suicide. I didn't want to be the one to tell you.

FRANK
Suicide. No. That's impossible.

JOE SHAYE
They found him inside his car, the motor running, the garage door shut.

FRANK
Who are they to think that? Who are they to say something like that?!

JOE SHAYE
It's okay, Frank.

FRANK
Joe, I'm gonna be sick! I have to use the bathroom.

Joe quickly takes off Frank's handcuffs, and he jumps from his seat and runs into the bathroom. Joe stands in the aisle with Amdursky and Fox.

191 INT. - AIRPLANE BATHROOM. - MOMENTS LATER. **191**

Frank is on his knees, tears running down his face as he uses the METAL TIP OF A FORK to unscrew a hard plastic plate above the toilet. The screws come free and Frank is able to pull the entire TOILET UNIT away from the wall. He makes his way into a tiny crawl space, then pulls the toilet back against the wall.

192 EXT. - AIRPLANE BATHROOM. - MINUTES LATER. 192

Joe Shaye checks his watch as a FLIGHT ATTENDANT walks past him and smiles.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
You'll have to take your seat, Sir. We're about to land.

Joe knocks on the bathroom door.

JOE SHAYE
Frank.

Joe tries to open the door.

JOE SHAYE
Frank! Come on, Frank, open the door! Damn it...Frank!

AMDURSKY
What do we do?

JOE SHAYE
Break it down.

Amdursky starts kicking at the bathroom door, slamming his heel against the metal release. The door breaks free, and the three men stares in disbelief at the EMPTY BATHROOM.

193 EXT. - PLANE. - MOMENTS LATER. 193

The plane has landed and stopped short on the runway. WE SEE Frank crawling through a HATCH near the landing gear. He drops fifteen feet to the ground below, starts running across the runway.

194 INT. - PLANE. - MOMENTS LATER 194

All of the passengers remain seated as Joe, Amdursky and Fox
stand in the aisle.

JOE SHAYE
Look under every seat, in every bathroom. Check it all again, even the cockpit!

As Joe starts moving through the plane, something outside the window catches his eye. He sees Frank sprinting across the tarmac, making his way toward the terminal.

JOE SHAYE
God in heaven.

195 INT. - LONG ISLAND CHURCH. - MORNING. 195

A CHURCH CHOIR is singing COME HOME JESUS, Paula sitting in the front row in a pale blue dress and snow white hat. As the song ends, Paula sees Frank enter the large, empty church. He is dazed and off balance, his body still weak from prison.

FRANK
Mom....

Frank stumbles down the center aisle, dropping to his knees and fainting before he reaches the alter.

119.

196 INT. - CHURCH OFFICE. - DAY. 196

Frank opens his eyes, sees his mother standing at the window in a PRIEST'S PRIVATE OFFICE -- a cigarette in her hand, a row of collection plates on the desk in front of her.

PAULA
You want a sip of water?

Paula hands Frank some water. He sits up and stares at his mother.

FRANK
Why didn't you help him?

PAULA
I did help him. Near the end I sent him money, did you know that? I paid his rent. I was a kid when we met, Frankie. I didn't even speak English -- I didn't even know his last name.

FRANK
Then why did you marry him?

PAULA
Because he got me pregnant. I was seventeen and I was told I was going to marry him. They put me on a plane and said I was the luckiest girl in the world.

FRANK
What about the baby?

PAULA
The baby died an hour after it was born. The Doctor's knew as soon as he came out.

Paula lights a fresh cigarette.

PAULA
It was a boy. They kept telling me I should hold him, but I didn't want to. I was scared he would die in my arms, so I said no. Can you imagine that, Frank, I didn't want to hold my own son?

Frank walks toward his mother and takes the cigarette out of her mouth.

120.

FRANK You promised.

He doesn't look back at her as he walks out the door.

197 EXT. - CHURCH. - DAY 197

Frank looks dazed as he walks out of the small Church. As he makes his way down the steps, FOUR BLACK VANS speed up next to him, TWO TEAMS OF FBI AGENTS jumping out and grabbing him, throwing him to the ground as he rolls over without a fight, his body limp as he stares up at Joe Shaye.

198 INT. - COURTROOM. - DAY 198

Frank stands before a JUDGE who is sentencing him.

JUDGE
Taking into account your refusal to give back the money, your history of bold escape and your complete lack of respect for the uniform of the law, I have no choice but to sentence you to eighteen years in Atlanta's maximum security prison in Dixon county, and I recommend it strongly that you be kept in an isolation cell for the eternity of that sentence.

199 INT. - MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISION - ATLANTA 199

Frank stands in front of his cell in the isolation wind of the prison. There are no bars, no windows, just square, individual cell boxes. Frank walks into his cell, the door closing behind him.

200 INT. - PRISION VISITING ROOM. - DAY 200

Frank is wearing his prison jumpsuit as he's led into the visitors room and placed in a chair that faces bulletproof

glass. Joe Shaye is sitting across from him. They both pick up their phones.

JOE SHAYE
Merry Christmas, Frank.

Frank doesn't answer him.

JOE SHAYE
I got some cigarettes here.

FRANK
I don't smoke.

An awkward moment as Joe puts the cigarettes on the floor.

JOE SHAYE
They say the first year inside is the hardest.

FRANK
You caught me. What do you want? JOE SHAYE I don't know. Maybe this was a bad idea.

I'll go. As Joe starts to put the phone down.

FRANK
You're still wearing a wedding ring.

JOE SHAYE
Yeah. The truth is, I'm divorced. I have a daughter who's nine.

FRANK
What's her name?

JOE SHAYE
Vanessa. She lives in Chicago with her mother. I don't see her much.

Frank stares at Joe for a BEAT.

FRANK
What's in the briefcase.

JOE SHAYE
I'm on my way to the airport. I'm tracking a paperhanger who's working his way through Minnesota. This guy is driving us crazy.

FRANK
Do you have any of the checks?

Joe hesitates, then opens his briefcase and takes out a CHECK. He holds it against the glass.

JOE SHAYE This is a counterfeit from Great Lakes Savings and Loan. You can see that he's

using a... FRANK It's a teller at the bank. JOE SHAYE What? FRANK

It's a teller.

JOE SHAYE How do you know?

FRANK
Every bank uses hand stamps for the dates. They get used over and over, so they're always worn down, and the numbers are always cracking -- the sixes and nines go first. Look at the date on that check -- the ink is worn flat, the nines and sixes are cracking -- that's the stamp of a teller job. Looks like you've got yourself an inside job.

201 INT. - PRISION. - NIGHT 201

Frank is lying in a cell, staring into the darkness.

FRANK
Eastern Flight 794, you are clear to taxi on runway two-zero four. That's a big thank you and goodbye, Newark. Ladies and gentlemen, we are leveled off here at thirty-five thousand feet. The smoking signs have been turned off for those of you in a designated smoking row. My name is Captain Frank Williams -- so just sit back, relax, and enjoy the flight to Milan.

202 INT. - JAIL CELL. - ATLANTA PRISION. - NIGHT 202

The prison is locked down, the lights out for the night.

Joe Shaye and Director Marsh are passing rows of dark cells as they make their way through the prison.

123.

203 INT. - INTERROGATION ROOM. - NIGHT 203

Frank is sitting across from Joe and Director Marsh, a glass of milk in front of him. TWO GUARDS stand behind him with rifles. Frank is 23-years-old, but still has the boyish face of a teenager.

FRANK
Joe, one of these days you should get yourself a new jacket. What is that material?

Frank touches Joe's jacket.

JOE SHAYE
Cashmere. FRANK That isn't cashmere -- look at the lining.

It's some kind of polyester. You should see my tailor in New York.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
Can we do this, please?

JOE SHAYE
Frank, this is FBI Director Marsh. He wanted to meet you.

FRANK
At four in the morning?

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
Mr. Abignale, you served five years of an eighteen year sentence.

FRANK
That's right. Five years, two months.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
I'd like you to look at something for me, tell me what you think.

Director Marsh takes an envelope out of a briefcase, slides it over to Frank. Frank opens the envelope and pulls out a PAYROLL CHECK. He holds the check in his hand, never looks at it.

FRANK
It's a fake.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
How do you know? You haven't looked at it.

FRANK
There's no perforated edge, which means this check was hand cut, not fed. The paper is double bonded, much too heavy for a check. The ink is raised against my fingers instead of flat.

Frank brings the check to his nose, sniffs it.

FRANK
This doesn't smell like micker. It's probably drafting ink, the kind you buy at a stationery store.

Joe and Director Marsh exchange a look.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
Frank, would you be interested in working with the FBI's fraud and counterfeiting unit?

FRANK
I already have a job here. I deliver the mail.

JOE SHAYE
No, Frank. We'd get you out.

FRANK
Why are you saying this, Joe? You caught me. Isn't that enough? Why can't you leave me alone?

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH
Frank, we have the power to take you out of prison. You'd be placed in the custody of the FBI, where you'd serve the remainder of your sentence as an employee of the federal government.

FRANK
Whose custody?

JOE SHAYE
Mine.

204 INT. - FBI FIELD OFFICE. - DALLAS, TEXAS. - DAY 204

SUPER: MARCH 29, 1973

Frank wears a brand new black suit as he walks into the massive FBI BUILDING. He approaches a SECURITY GUARD.

FRANK
I'm Frank Abagnale. I'm supposed to start work here today.

SECURITY GUARD
First floor, Mr. Abagnale.

FRANK
Call me Frank.

205 INT. - FBI BUILDING. - THIRD FLOOR. - DAY 205

Frank makes his way down a long hallway, passing other young men in dark suits who have come out of their offices to see him pass. Frank sees Joe Shaye standing at the end of the hall.

FRANK
Morning, Joe.

Frank turns and stares at a door marked FRAUD. He casually walks inside.

206 INT. - FRANK'S FBI OFFICE. - DAY 206

A stack of files sit on Frank's desk. There are hundreds of CHECKS, MUG SHOTS, PILES OF COUNTERFEIT MONEY. Frank looks out the window of his office, stares out at the DALLAS SKYLINE.

FRANK
Look at me, Dad. I'm James Wand.

207 INT. - APARTMENT, - DALLAS. - DAY 207

Frank walks through the door of a tiny, run down apartment. Joe Shaye stands at the door.

FRANK
I'd rather stay in a hotel.

JOE SHAYE
That's not possible.

Frank opens the drapes and looks out at a POLICE STATION that sits across the street from his apartment.

FRANK
One of the men gave me a check today. It was for nine dollars.

JOE SHAYE
That's right. The FBI is paying you prison wages.

Joe turns to walk out the door.

FRANK
Tomorrow's Christmas Eve. Would it be okay if I went to work with you?

JOE SHAYE
Tomorrow night I'm flying to Chicago to see my daughter. But I'll be back at work on Monday.

FRANK
Joe...what do I do until Monday?

JOE SHAYE
I can't help you there, kid.

208 INT. - FBI OFFICES. - DAY 208

Frank sits alone eating a sandwich, looking through a BOOK OF MUG SHOTS. He stops when he sees his own MUG SHOT, the black and white picture staring up at him.

Frank carefully rips the mugshot out of the book and puts it in his pocket.

209 EXT. - DALLAS. - DAY 209

Frank is walking the streets carrying a small bag of groceries as he makes his way home. Something in a STORE WINDOW catches his eye and Frank stands frozen on the corner, looking across at a WINDOW DISPLAY.

CLOSE ON

THE WINDOW OF A COSTUME SHOP.

There are several MANNEQUINS dressed in different costumes. Frank slowly approaches the window, stares at a mannequin wearing an AIRLINE PILOT'S UNIFORM.

210 EXT. - DALLAS AIRPORT. - NIGHT 210

Frank gets out of a taxi wearing the PILOT'S UNIFORM. He pulis his cap down tight as he makes his way into the busy airport.

211 EXT. - DALLAS AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP. - NIGHT 211

Frank sits alone at the airport coffee shop eating a hamburger and reading a COMIC BOOK. Joe Shaye walks into the restaurant and sits next to him.

JOE SHAYE
That's a nice uniform, Frank. Here, let me get your check.

Joe grabs the check from Frank, puts some money on the table.

JOE SHAYE
Did you know I was recruited by the FBI while I was still in law school? The government said I was the best the country had to offer, top of my class -- and they chased me until I said yes.

FRANK
I'm sorry, Joe.

JOE SHAYE
I spent four years arranging your release. I convinced the Attorney General of the United States that you wouldn't run.

Frank gets out of his chair, walks out of the restaurant, Joe follows him through the airport.

JOE SHAYE
You go back to Europe and you'll die in Papigone. You try and run here in the states and we'll send you back to Atlanta for fifty years.

FRANK
I never asked for your help.

JOE SHAYE
Please, Frank, you leave and I'm finished. I got you out, I convinced them to let you out.

FRANK
Why did you do it?

JOE SHAYE
You're just a kid.

FRANK
I'm not your kid. I'm not your son. I'm nothing to you. And you're nothing to me.

Frank walks toward the AMERICAN AIRLINES ticket counter.

JOE SHAYE
I'm gonna let you fly tonight. I won't even try and stop you, because I know you'll be back on Monday.

FRANK
Why would I come back?

JOE SHAYE
Because nobody is chasing you.

Frank stares at Joe for a long BEAT.

FRANK
Two mice fell on a bucket of cream. The first mouse gave up and drowned, but the second mouse struggled so
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
hard he turned that cream into butter -- and he crawled out.

JOE SHAYE
Which one are you, Frank?

Frank turns to the girl at the TICKET COUNTER..

FRANK
Hello, Amanda, is the jump-seat open on the ten-thirty to New York?

Joe watches as Frank walks through a door marked CREW ONLY, casually making his way toward the plane.

212 INT. - JOE SHAYE'S OFFICE. - DAY 212

Joe sits at his desk drinking coffee. He checks his watch, then calls out to his SECRETARY.

JOE SHAYE
Is Abagnale in yet?

SECRETARY
No.

213 INT. - FBI OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM. - DAY 213

Joe Shaye is using the slide projector and standing in front of TEN AGENTS, including Special Agent Wilkes.

JOE SHAYE
Good morning. I've called this emergency briefing to discuss a check fraud and counterfeiter who's been hitting banks all over Arizona.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES
Just tell us how much he's gotten, Joe?

JOE SHAYE
Don't ask.

The briefing room door opens, and Frank walks in. Joe spots him in the darkness.

JOE SHAYE
Good. You're here.

The two men stares at each other for a BEAT.

JOE SHAYE
At this time I'd like my point man on this to fill you in. Frank, are you ready to take over?

FRANK
Yeah, I'm ready.

Frank walks to the front of the room, stands next to Joe.

FRANK
John Doe 6116 is a paperhanger who started in Phoenix, using what I call a double deposit forgery system. Next slide. What he's doing is opening two accounts at the same bank under two different names...

214 INT. - AIRPLANE. - DAY 214

Frank and Joe are sitting next to each other on a plane, both holding magazines and eating nuts. Joe is wearing a brand new BLACK SUIT. There are several other agents on the plane, including Amdursky and Fox.

FRANK
Joe, do you guys always fly coach?

JOE SHAYE
Yeah.

FRANK
You want me to talk to someone? See if I can get us bumped to first class?

JOE SHAYE
Just relax. We'll be there in two hours.

Frank looks out the window.

FRANK
I've never been to Arizona.

JOE SHAYE
It's hot. Let's just hope we catch this guy fast.

FRANK
Joe, you ever seen the Grand Canyon?

JOE SHAYE
No.

FRANK
You think if we have time we can take a quick look?

JOE SHAYE
Yeah. If we have time.

Joe brushes some crumbs off his suit jacket.

JOE SHAYE
I feel a little silly in this suit.

FRANK
It looks good. You just have to get used to it.

JOE SHAYE
How much did you say it cost?

FRANK
Eight hundred dollars.

JOE SHAYE
Where did you get eight hundred dollars?

FRANK
Credit card.

JOE SHAYE
Somebody gave you a credit card? That's a horrifying thought.

The two men sit in silence for a BEAT, staring down at their magazines, lost in thought.

JOE SHAYE
Can I ask you something, Frank?

FRANK
Sure.

JOE SHAYE
How did you pass the bar exam in Louisiana?

FRANK
I studied every night for two weeks.

JOE SHAYE
Is that the truth?

Frank turns to the window, slowly starts to smile as he looks out at the clouds.

TITLE CARD #1

FRANK ABAGNALE JR. HAS BEEN MARRIED FOR 25 YEARS. HE HAS THREE TEENAGE SONS, AND LIVES A QUIET LIFE IN TULSA, OKLAHOMA.

SINCE HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON IN 1973, FRANK HAS HELPED THE FBI CAPTURE SOME OF THE WORLDS MOST ALLUSIVE CHECK FORGERS AND COUNTERFEITERS. FRANK HAS ALSO DEVELOPED MANY OF THE SECURITY FEATURES THAT BANKS USE TO PREVENT CHECK FRAUD.

HE HOLDS SEVERAL PATENTS ON THESE FEATURES, AND TO THIS DAY FRANK MAKES A ROYALTY ON ALMOST EVERY CHECK WRITTEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

THOSE CHECK ROYALTIES PAY FRANK ABAGNALE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS A YEAR.

TITLE CARD #2

JOE SHAYE RETIRED IN 1986, HAVING BEEN AWARDED THREE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AWARDS FROM THE FBI.

FRANK ABAGNALE HAS FOUR.

THEY REMAIN CLOSE FRIENDS TO THIS DAY.